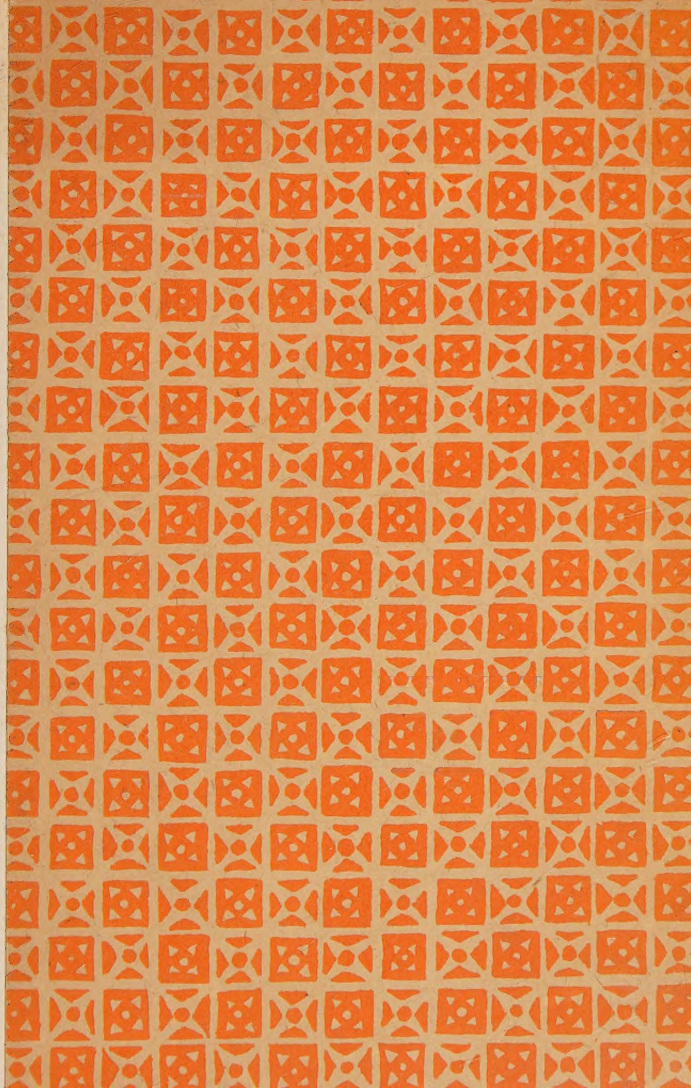






By J. Walker 1900

E. Conway





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DANIEL'S DELIA AND
DRAYTON'S IDEA

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Michael Drayton.



Samuel Daniel

DANIEL'S DELIA AND
DRAYTON'S IDEA:
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THE SWEETEST SWAN OF AVON TO THE FAIR
AND CRUEL DELIA PASSIONATELY SINGS;
OTHER MEN'S WEAKNESSES AND FOLLIES ARE
HONOUR AND WIT IN HIM; EACH ACCENT BRINGS
A SPRIG, TO CROWN HIM POET, AND CONTRIVE
A MONUMENT, IN HIS OWN WORK, TO LIVE.

G. DANIEL: *A Vindication of Poesy.*

OUR SECOND OVID, THE MOST PLEASING MUSE
THAT HEAV'N DID E'ER IN MORTAL'S BRAIN INFUSE,
ALL-LOVÈD DRAYTON, IN SOUL-RAPING STRAINS,
A GENUINE NOTE, OF ALL THE NYMPHISH TRAINS
BEGAN TO TUNE; ON IT ALL EARS WERE HUNG,
AS SOMETIME DIDO'S ON ÆNEAS' TONGUE.

W. BROWNE: *Britannia's Pastorals; II. Song II.*

INTRODUCTION

THESE sonnet-sequences, the *Delia* of Samuel Daniel and the *Idea* of Michael Drayton, have two claims to be printed, bought and read. The first is that they are, not indeed always, but often, fine poetry; the second is that they are important documents in the literary history of their time. In the last decade of the sixteenth century no young poet who cared for his reputation could omit to write a sonnet-sequence; when the fashion was at its height, these two poets paid their tribute to its sway. We shall better understand their relation to the movement if we run over the previous history of the English sonnet.

Chaucer, who admired and praised Petrarch,

missed a great opportunity ; as it was, England had to wait till a quarter of the sixteenth century had passed before the sonnet form was imported from Italy. Then Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder, who visited Italy as a young man and was familiar with Petrarch and some of his Italian and French imitators, translated and adapted the sonnets which most took his fancy. They are, however, as is often the case with experiments in form, the work of his youth. Now Wyatt, like his contemporaries, thought that Chaucer wrote in a mixture of the anapæstic and iambic measures, for the dropping of the final "e" and other changes caused by the rapid development of the language had obscured the secret of his unerring skill in metre. The result was that Wyatt imitated this imaginary and barbarous ideal, and it was not till later in his short life that he fully grasped the iambic rhythm of the French and Italian poets.

It is probable that he learnt the art of iambic

verse from his friend and pupil in sonneteering, Surrey, who must have had an innate ear for verse, for he never wrote an unmetrical line. Wyatt and Surrey, indeed, may be compared to two other pairs of friends who together produced literary revolutions, Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Goethe and Schiller. In this case there was a marked inequality in age, for Wyatt, though he died only five years before Surrey, was the elder by fifteen. To him must be given the credit of having first introduced the sonnet and the literary tradition which the sonnet represents; to Surrey that of restoring to English verse the melody which it had lost for a century, and which it has never lost since.

That these two pioneers found imitators in their own generation we know, for there are a few sonnets by minor and unknown authors in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557). But the burst died away; a fact the more surprising when we

remember the great popularity of Wyatt and Surrey. Puttenham, as late as 1589, says of them in his *Art of English Poesie* that "they greatly polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie from that it had bene before, and for that cause may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile," and again, "Henry Earle of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat, betweene whom I finde very litle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that haue since employed their pennnes vpon English Poesie; their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conueyance cleanelly, their termes proper, their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister Francis Petrarcha."¹ And to prove that Puttenham's words are not merely an expression of individual opinion, we have constant reprints of *Tottel's Miscellany*

¹ Puttenham, pp. 74, 76, ed. *Arber*.

throughout the thirty years between its first publication and that of Puttenham's book.

But just as *terza rima*, until after Shelley's time, was always used in English as an importation from Italian and never as a native form, so it took more than one attempt to acclimatise the sonnet. After the publication of *Tottel's Miscellany*, in spite of the great and continuous popularity of that book, there was no more sonneteering in England for nearly a quarter of a century. Spenser had already, indeed, translated a few of Du Bellay's sonnets,¹ but his more important work in this form was not done until much later in life, the *Amoretti* being published in 1595. The real re-discoverer of the sonnet was Sir Philip Sidney. Claims have been made for Thomas Watson, whose *Hecatompethia*, published in 1582, consists of a hundred French and Italian poems, mostly sonnets, translated

¹ Into blank verse, in Van der Noot's *Theatre for Worldlings*, 1569.

into English. But Watson's versions are not real sonnets, since they have eighteen instead of fourteen lines.¹ He is not to be blamed for this, for his wanderings from the accepted paths of sonnet-practice are clearly due not to incompetence, but to a laudable care for form expressing itself in experiments.

Nevertheless the abortive nature of Watson's trials in form must have militated against his influence on his contemporaries; and so also must the very academic notes with which he pre-faced his rather pedestrian translations. Sidney, on the other hand, though his debt to foreign Petrarchists was almost as great as Watson's, had a double portion of the poetic spirit. His literary reputation, well deserved as it was, was probably due in great measure to a quite un-literary cause, the extraordinary magic of his

¹ In three *sesta rima* stanzas. Watson's introductory sonnet is Petrarchan, however; and his posthumous *Tears of Fancy* (1593) are in the Shakespearian form.

name, which is still powerful, and both in his life-time and in the years following his heroic death at Zutphen rose to the height of a passionate hero-worship. Elizabethan men of letters were the creatures of fashion, and it is not difficult to understand how when the sonnets of the "divine Sir Philip" appeared in 1591 (though a favoured few had read them in manuscript much earlier) all the wits turned their hands to follow his lead and copy his models in form and style.

This is, in fact, what happened. A few sonnets by Samuel Daniel appeared piratically with Sidney's in 1591; in the following year he himself, in self-defence, published his whole sequence, named 'Delia,' and Henry Constable produced his little sheaf of sonnets under the title of 'Diana.' These three are the first masters of the school, and they are the three poets whom Drayton, following close on their heels, speaks of as the great objects of imitation

to his contemporaries, and whom he claims not to have imitated himself. The flood of sonnet literature continued until the end of the century, when it gave way to other literary fashions. The chief glory of the vogue is, of course, that it produced Shakespeare's Sonnets, which, though not published till 1609, were all, or nearly all, written in the last decade of the sixteenth century.

When Wyatt introduced the sonnet from Italy he adhered to the rhyme-scheme of Petrarch, choosing one, however, that was not often used in Italy, having a final couplet, which resembled the rhyme-royal and *ottava rima*, to which his ear was accustomed. The rhymes in his favourite scheme are arranged *abbaabba : cddcee*. This can obviously be read as three enclosed quatrains and a couplet. Surrey carried the innovation further, breaking the octave into two, not enclosed but alternate, quatrains with different rhymes, and the sestet into one quatrain and a final couplet, thus

producing the Shakespearian form or English quatorzain. In *Tottel's Miscellany* there is one sonnet which keeps the pure Petrarchan form,¹ but otherwise there is no example without a final couplet before Sidney.

Sidney looked abroad for his material, and so it is not surprising that he often wrote in Alexandrines, like the French, and often, also like the French, with Petrarch's rhyme-schemes. But more commonly he wrote either the octave like Wyatt and the sestet like Surrey, or the whole like Surrey, with the exception that he used only two rhymes in the first two quatrains. Constable followed him in writing both the Petrarchan and his first form (*abbaabba : cdcdee*); but what is more interesting, and which shows how quickly innovations could then find imitators, he often wrote in the form made famous by Spenser, whose *Amoretti* were not published till 1595, but were written in or about 1592.

¹ P. 197, *ed. Arber.*

Drayton in the first (1594) edition of his sonnets, or *Amours in Quatorzains*, as he called them, tried many metrical experiments. Thus he adopted in some the Alexandrine line, imitating Sidney, or perhaps more directly Sidney's French masters; also he varied the number of lines and the rhyme-scheme. But as time went on, and his ear gained in delicacy and his hand in sureness, he abandoned these experiments and fell back on the regular English form, initiated by Surrey, and reintroduced by Constable and Daniel. Constable, as has been remarked, used several forms, including the Spenserian, the pure Petrarchan, and the English; but Daniel from the first used the English only, except in Sonnets xx. and xxxiii., where he uses the Spenserian;¹ and it is perhaps due to his example that Shakespeare, writing at the height of Daniel's vogue, cast his own sonnets, among which are some of the very finest ever written, into this mould.

¹ Also xxxvi., which is Petrarchan.

But it is not only, not even largely, for the interest of their technique, nor for their influence on the history of their art, that we now read Drayton and Daniel. That they are representative specimens of their genus may be all in all to the critic who brings to the study of poetry the attitude of a botanist ; but we shall do better if, while we do not neglect these technical points, we still do not allow them to usurp the place in our attention due to the poetry which is built upon them. To get an idea of this poetry it is perhaps necessary to sketch briefly some facts in the lives of the poets in so far as they throw light on their minds and moods.

Samuel Daniel was born in 1562, probably near Taunton and certainly in the west of England, of a musical family, his father and brother making it their profession. His earlier education is obscure, but at seventeen he went to Magdalen, Oxford, just ten years later than

John Lyly. Anthony à Wood gives much the same account of both. Lyly, says he, "his genie being as naturally bent to the pleasant paths of poetry (as if Apollo had given to him a wreath of his own bays, without snatching or struggling), did in a manner neglect academical studies."¹ Daniel, in the same manner, "continued about three years, and improved himself much in academical learning by the benefit of an excellent tutor. But his geny being more prone to easier and smoother studies than in pecking and hewing at logic, he left the University without the honour of a degree, and exercised it much in English history and poetry."²

It is a character still familiar in university life, and will remain so as long as young men have more literary taste than diligence. For a few years we know very little of Daniel. In all

¹ Vol. I., col. 676, *ed.* 1813-20.

² Vol. II., col. 268, *ed.* 1813-20.

probability he drifted to London, and we know from the heading of Sonnet li. in the 1594 edition that he made a journey to Italy. It would perhaps be fanciful to attribute to this journey any share in the credit of Daniel's turning to sonnet-writing. Be that as it may, in about 1590 he was settled in the paradise of the Elizabethan man of letters, the easy dependence on a great house, being appointed by the Earl of Pembroke to the position of tutor to his young son, William Herbert, afterwards to be so celebrated. The Earl's seat, where Daniel took up his abode, was Wilton, near Salisbury. In this case the lady of the house must have been a congenial mistress for a poet, being no other than "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." We may easily imagine how the society of such a woman stimulated the literary energy and ambition of the young man. And, in fact, in 1591, a year or two after his arrival at Wilton, a few of his sonnets had been gathered into the pirated

Astrophel and Stella, with his name attached to them, so that he must even then have had something of a reputation ; and in the following year he printed the whole sequence of fifty sonnets, with a dedication to the Countess, his "great patroness."

It has been thought that Delia was the Countess herself; but nothing is less probable. It is true that the lines—

"Avon, rich in fame though poor in waters,
Shall have my song, where Delia hath her seat,"

may refer to the Wiltshire Avon, which flows near Wilton. But in Sonnet xxix. (1591 version) he complains that his heart is protected by no privilege of

"Faith, being with blood and three years' witness
signed."

If the three years are fact and not fancy he cannot be speaking of his patroness, for three years before 1591 he had probably never seen

her. Nor can we suppose that even so artificial a convention of compliment as the Petrarchan would permit a poor young tutor to address a great lady, the mother of his pupil, as his "sweet unkindest maid" and to lament over his desire and her disdain.

When Daniel did address his patroness in a sonnet, as in the dedication of *Delia* to her, it was in this manner :—

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY MARY
COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

Wonder of these ! Glory of other times !
O thou whom Envy ev'n, is forced to admire !
Great Patroness of these, my humble rhymes,
Which thou, from out thy greatness, dost inspire !
Since only thou hast deigned to raise them higher ;
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine own !
Begotten by thy hand and my desire,
Wherein my zeal and thy great might is shown.
And seeing this unto the world is known,
O leave not still to grace thy work in me !

Let not the quickening seed be overthrown
Of that which may be born to honour thee !
Whereof the travail I may challenge mine ;
But yet the glory, Madam, must be thine ! ”

But the truth is that Delia, so far as we can assume her to be a real person at all, seems to have been a development from another fair maiden, one Cynthia, who had displayed the same disdainful temper as Delia (and all other heroines of the tribe), but, fortunately for our inquiry, was of a different complexion. Sonnet xiv. in 1591 and 1592 begins :—

“ Those amber locks are those same nets, my dear,
Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprise ; ”

but in the 1594 edition the epithet “amber” gives place to the non-committal “snary.” In another sonnet (xlvi.) she is called Cynthia in the first edition and Delia in the second ; and in two more (xxxix. and xl.) her hair, “golden” in the earlier editions, becomes “sable” in the later.

It seems probable that, though Cynthia may be only the intelligent anticipation of a young poet, anxious to play his part properly, Delia was a real person ; but her identity among the maidens who had their seat by the streams named Avon must remain obscure.

Daniel's poems, then, may not enshrine any very deep passion ; but his " Delian sonnetry " deserved its influence for two reasons. Firstly, for the easy melody of the verse, less powerful than Drayton's and Sidney's, except on rare occasions, but sweeter than either. He may have learnt this art of sweet verse from Ronsard, as he certainly learnt from him his second great virtue. This is that he often, and with the authentic touch of truth, gives expression to a poignant sense of the pathos of fair things doomed to age and death. The man who has this sense in a full measure is marked out from other men to be a poet. The thought is universal, no doubt, but the best poets do not

allow it to degenerate into a commonplace.
Catullus'—

“Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius æstimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt,
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda ;”

and Ronsard's—

“Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame,
Las ! le temps non, mais nous, nous en allons,
Et tost serons estendus sous la lame :
Et des amours desquelles nous parlons,
Quand serons morts, n'en sera plus nouvelle :
Pour ce, ayez moi, cependant qu' estes belle,”

are not more truly inspired with this universal
sorrow of the human heart than Daniel's—

“No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now ;
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou mayest be loved again.”

I cannot agree that, because these lines are in part imitated from other poets, they are therefore artificial and insincere. The sincerity of Art is too subtle a thing for that ; no one accuses Shakespeare of insincerity for those wonderful lines—

“ Like as the waves haste towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,”

or for his series of sonnets calling on his friend to marry and not to let beauty altogether die. Yet it is quite likely that they were in part suggested to him by these very imitations of Daniel's.

The case of Drayton is in a manner easier and in a manner harder to understand ; for we have many more facts, which both clear up and complicate the questions relating to his poems. He was born a year later than Daniel, in 1563, of middle-class parents, at Hartshill in Warwickshire. Having probably shown some unusual

promise for his years and condition in life, he was soon taken into a gentle house to be educated, according to the gracious habit of the time. This was a momentous step in Drayton's life, as we shall see. The family was that of Sir Henry Goodere of Polesworth Hall, by which flows the little river "Arden's sweet Anker." In one of Drayton's epistles, written late in life, we have a pleasant picture of his schooling in poetry at Polesworth; but we do not hear that he went to a university. All that we know is that in 1591 he had arrived in London—that whirlpool into which the poets of the time were irresistibly drawn. At about this time he fell in love, as we gather from his earliest pastoral poetry, in which he figures as Rowland, and his lady love, as yet unidentified, as Idea, and from one of his later sonnets, written between 1599 and 1602, in which he says—

"'Tis nine years now since first I lost my wit."

In 1594 he published *Ideas Mirrour, Amours in Quatorzains*, a series of fifty sonnets, rather irregular in form and often trivial in style. Still we get no hint of the identity of Idea, except that she lives by the Anker—

“Arden’s sweet Anker, let thy glory be
Only that fair Idea lives by thee.”

Again in 1595, in his *Endymion and Phoebe*, we hear of the “sweet nymph of Anker.” But the identification of Idea did not come till *Poemes Lyrick and Pastoral*, in 1606. Here he is more explicit. The last ode in this book is a hymn to his Lady’s birthplace. We learn that—

“Idea, in which name I hide
Her in my heart deified,”

was born at

“Coventry, that dost adorn
The country wherein I was born”

in

“Happy Mich Park,”

where—

“Every year

On the fourth of August there
Let thy maids from Flora's bowers,
With their choice and daintiest flowers,
Deck thee up, and from their store
With brave garlands crown that door.”

Now the Gooderes are known to have had a house in Coventry, no extraordinary thing in the days before facilities for speedy travelling to London had stripped the provincial towns of their social glories. But Sir Henry Goodere had two daughters, so that the identification is even yet not complete. However, in the eighth eclogue of the same book there is another more decisive passage. The two sisters appear together, under the names of Panape and Idea—

“The eldest of which is that good Panape,
In shady Arden her dear flock that keeps,
Where mournful Anker for her sickness weeps.

The younger, than her sister not less good,
Bred where the other lastly doth abide,
Modest Idea, flower of womanhood,
That Rowland hath so highly deified . . .

Driving her flocks unto the fruitful Meen,
Which daily looks upon the lovely Stour,
Near to that vale, which of all vales is queen,
Lastly forsaking of her former bower,
And of all places holdeth Cotswold dear."

And in the ninth eclogue Rowland (Drayton himself, of course, under his old *nom-de-bergerie*) meets the shepherdess Idea among the Cotswolds.

All this is fact. Frances Goodere, Sir Henry's elder daughter, married her cousin, Sir Henry the younger, and lived on at Polesworth after her father's death in 1595. Anne, the younger, married in 1596 Sir Henry Rainsford of Clifford Chambers in Evesham Vale, on the Stour, under Meon Hill in the Cotswolds. There can be no possible doubt that Idea is Anne, first as Mistress Anne Goodere, then as Lady Rainsford.¹

For the story did not cease with Idea's

¹ Professor Courthope's contention that Idea is Lucy, Countess of Bedford, is only plausible when the facts quoted above are ignored. The theory has been destroyed by Professor Elton; we need not go over the controversy here.

marriage. We know, from allusions in Drayton's later poems and also from letters, that he was on terms of intimacy with the Rainsfords for the rest of his life. Moreover (for the sonneteering fashion lasted longer with him than with his contemporaries), he continued writing sonnets to Lady Rainsford till at least after 1605, and perhaps till 1619, while he refers to her as his "worthiest mistress" in a letter to William Drummond of Hawthornden as late as 1631, the year of his death.

And this brings up the whole question of the sincerity or insincerity of these sonnets. We may, indeed we must, find it sometimes difficult to reconcile faithfulness and tender devotion such as Drayton's, lasting over a lifetime, with the conventional exaggerations of the Petrarchan language and conceits. Professor Raleigh has recently, with great force, proclaimed as truth the half-truth that the external events of a poet's life are unimportant to

the just criticism and enjoyment of his poetry. The case before us is exactly one where this rule fails. It is of the very last significance to us whether these poems are the records of real warm human passions (expressed after the fashion of young poets in every generation, in the poetic language current at their time) or compliments and homages of respectful but tender friendship, or the instruments of selfish flattery, or mere literary exercises, or a subtle compound of all these things.

Originality was not the glory, not the aim, of the Elizabethan poet, especially when he wrote sonnets. The only sonnet-sequence which is not known to contain many translated poems and passages is Shakespeare's, and even he seems to have imitated Daniel. The originality which they can claim is the individual handling of old matter, the personal touch which distinguishes one artist's work from another's. So that when we find that Daniel's poetic name

for his lady is taken straight from the celebrated Desportes, "filched from Portes' pen," and Drayton's from a more obscure French Petrarchist of the time, Claude de Pontoux, and that many passages are translated and adapted in both, especially Daniel, from these poets, as well as from Ronsard and the "Father of the rest," Petrarch himself, we are not materially advanced towards discovery of the mood in which the poetry, good and bad, in *Delia* and *Idea* was produced.¹ No one who has himself written poetry, still less any one who has translated or adapted poetry, will deny that even verbal translation may be a vehicle

¹ Mr. Sidney Lee has (in the *English Garner*) traced Drayton's and still more Daniel's sources with characteristic thoroughness. But I do not agree with him that the silence of the Elizabethan sonneteers on the subject of their indebtedness to their masters is due to any dishonesty. They were writing for a public that knew Petrarch, Ronsard and Desportes as well as they did themselves, and which therefore would not have thanked them for exact references or notes on the plan of those in Watson's *Hecatompathia*.

for the most personal and passionate sincerity. To find perfectly expressed in a foreign poet the very thoughts and feelings that lie unexpressed and perhaps even unrealised in our own minds, to accept his revelation of them and to make it our own by creating it afresh in our own language, is not this among the commonest experiences of the artistic and emotional life ?

Therefore the slight sketch given above of the early life of the poets and of what is known of their mistresses has relevance enough to justify it ; for it brings us face to face with the real difficulty of the question. If Drayton addressed his poems to Lady Rainsford, past the flush of youth, married to a man of high position in the world, how could he sincerely use the language he did use ? To begin, we may reply that, after all, Drayton's sonnets are not all alike. Not by any means all are genuine love poems. Moreover, he

added, revised and rejected so freely in the periodical editions of his poems, that we can get a distinct view of his progress in poetry and in love. In his first edition of 1594 a large number of poems are palpably literary exercises, full of quite conventional and very monotonous ardours in the manner of—

“Those who poor Petrarch’s long-deceasèd woes
With new-born sighs and denizenèd wit do sing.”

But in later editions most of these, probably, it must be confessed, for purely literary reasons (but then a weariness of conceits is as much a gift of life as of literary taste), were dropped, and the new ones, when not merely playful, express the homage of a dignified and faithful friendship. The progression is most marked. It is not probable that the later poems are, as has been suggested, merely the tribute of flattery paid by a dependant to his patroness. How gracefully and yet frankly Drayton could

return thanks for material generosity we can see from his sonnet to the celebrated Lucy, Countess of Bedford :—

“ Great Lady, essence of my chiefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempered spirit,
Adorned with gifts, ennobled by thy blood,
Which by descent true virtue dost inherit,
That virtue which no fortune can deprive,
Which thou by birth tak’st from thy gracious mother,
Whose royal minds with equal motion strive
Which most in honour shall excel the other ;
Unto thy fame my Muse herself shall task,
Which rain’st upon me thy sweet golden showers,
And but thyself no subject will I ask
Upon whose praise my soul shall spend her powers.
Sweet Lady, yet grace this poor Muse of mine,
Whose faith, whose zeal, whose life, whose all is
thine,”

or in the sonnet to her sister, Lady Anne Harrington, which is the more graceful for not containing any such untrue protestation of undivided allegiance as that which mars the lines just quoted.

The remainder of Drayton's sonnets, not being mere fashionable literary exercises, either in the light-hearted and conceited or the melancholy and complaining manner, nor yet thanks for material benefits, are those which contain the story of his heart. They begin with poems of the honest love of a man for a maiden who he knows will never be his.

There is no improbability in this, as we saw there was in the idea of Daniel's passion for the Countess of Pembroke. Anne Goodere, "when first he lost his wits," was not a patroness nor a great lady, but just a country-bred girl, the daughter of a gentle but not a noble house. This is the manner in which he could write of her in these early years :—

"If chaste and pure devotion of my youth,
Or glory of my April-springing years,
Unfeigned love in naked simple truth,
A thousand vows, a thousand sighs and tears,
Or if a world of faithful service done,
Words, thoughts, and deeds devoted to her honour,

Or eyes that have beheld her as their sun,
With admiration ever looking on her ;
A life that never joyed but in her love,
A soul that ever hath adored her name,
A faith that time or fortune could not move,
A Muse that unto heaven hath raised her fame ;
Though these nor these deserve to be embraced,
Yet, fair unkind, too good to be disgraced."

Anne's refusal of her lover (perhaps suit and refusal alike were never expressed in words) was made irrevocable by her marriage with Sir Henry Rainsford in 1596. To this period probably belongs the artificial but tragic poem, first published in 1599, beginning—

"An evil spirit, your beauty haunts me still."

But, as we have remarked, disappointed love seems to have developed quietly in the course of years into a high and passionate friendship. This is certified by his beautiful lines on the death, in his fiftieth year, some time towards 1627, of Sir Henry, who, many years before, in their youth, had obtained what the poet had in vain

desired. This is how Drayton speaks of the dead husband of his old love :—

“Could there be words found to express my loss,
There were some hope that this my heavy cross
Might be sustained, and that wretched I
Might once find comfort ; but to have him die,
Past all degrees that was so dear to me ! . . .
I am undone, and having nought to say,
Mad at myself, I throw my pen away,
And beat my breast, that there should be a woe
So high, that words cannot attain thereto . . .
Methinks that man, unhappy though he be,
Is now thrice happy in respect of me
Who hath no friend ; for that in having none
He is not stirred as I am, to bemoan
My miserable loss. . . .”

I have quoted here only a few of the beautiful sentences scattered through the poem ; but enough to make it plain that Drayton's relation to his old friends and patrons was what it should be, clear of any unworthy motive. And the tone of his addresses to his lady undergoes a change from ardent desire to grave devotion,

though he does not refrain from using the conventional phrases of compliment current at the time. Several poems complain in a tone only half serious of small neglects; but once a deep breach was made between them. We can be glad to know that it was somehow healed, but we yet cannot but be no less glad that it was made, since it gave occasion for one of the finest sonnets in our language, that “wonderful dry-eyed poem”¹ commencing—

“Since there’s no help, come let us kiss and part.”

It is apparent that not all the verses in this book are serious poetry. Of those which are only literary exercises in the handling of form and material we cannot ask more than that

¹ Professor Elton’s phrase. Some critics have wished to attribute this sonnet to Shakespeare, apparently acting on the principle inculcated in the parable, that “To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.” We need not be disturbed by these antics of criticism; the publication of Drayton’s poems was most carefully supervised.

they should themselves sometimes be graceful or amusing, and that they should have made easier and surer by practice the high poetry from the same and from other and greater hands. Both these conditions are fulfilled. Few *concetti* are more graceful than Drayton's—

“Love, banished heaven, on earth was held in scorn,”
and Shakespeare not only adopted Daniel's form of sonnet, but also developed and converted from good into great poetry some of his themes.

The serious poems must be judged according to the reality and beauty of the passions they record ; but of this each must form his own judgement from his own experience of life.

DELIA

I

UNTIL the boundless ocean of thy beauty
Runs this poor river, charged with streams
of zeal,

Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here I unclasp the book of my charged soul,
Where I have cast the accounts of all my care ;
Here have I summed my sighs, here I enrol
How they were spent for thee. Look what
they are ;

Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes ;
Examine well thy beauty with my truth,
And cross my cares ere greater sums arise.

Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but
slightly ;

Who can shew all his love doth love but lightly.

II

GO, wailing verse, the infants of my love,
Minerva-like, brought forth without a
mother ;

Present the image of the cares I prove,
Witness your father's grief exceeds all other.
Sigh out a story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair,
A monument that whosoever reads
May justly praise, and blame my loveless fair.
Say her disdain hath dried up my blood,
And starvèd you, in succours still denying ;
Press to her eyes, importune me some good,
Waken her sleeping pity with your crying ;
Knock at her hard heart, beg till ye have
moved her,
And tell the unkind how dearly I have loved
her.

III

IF so it hap this offspring of my care,
These fatal anthems, lamentable songs,
Come to their view who like afflicted are,
Let them sigh for their own and moan my
wrongs.

But, untouched hearts, with unaffected eye
Approach not to behold my heaviness ;
Clear-sighted, you soon note what is awry,
Whilst blinded souls mine errors never guess.
You blinded souls, whom youth and error lead,
You outcast eagles, dazzled with your sun,
Do you, and none but you, my sorrows read,
You best can judge the wrongs that she hath
done,
That she hath done, the motive of my pain,
Who whilst I love doth kill me with disdain.

IV

THESE plaintive verse, the posts of my
desire,

Which haste for succour to her slow regard,
Bear not report of any slender fire,
Forging a grief to win a fame's reward.
Nor are my passions limned for outward hue,
For that no colours can depaint my sorrows;
Delia herself and all the world may view
Best in my face, where cares have tilled deep
furrows.

No bays I seek, to deck my mourning brow,
Oh clear-eyed rector of the holy hill;
My humble accents bear the olive-bough
Of intercession but to move her will.

These lines I use to unburden mine own heart;
My love affects no fame nor 'steems of art.

v

WHILST youth and error led my wandering
mind,

And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
All unawares a Goddess chaste I find,
Diana-like, to work my sudden change.
For her no sooner had mine eyes bewrayed,
But, with disdain to see me in that place,
With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid
Cast water-cold disdain upon my face ;
Which turned my sport into a hart's despair,
Which still is chased, while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair.
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my
death.

Those that I fostered of mine own accord
Are made by her to murder thus their lord.

VI

FAIR is my love, and cruel as she's fair ;
Her brow-shades frowns, although her
eyes are sunny,
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride
despair,
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey ;
A modest maid, decked with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and
love,
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above.
Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live, reconciled friends, within her brow ;
And, had she pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now ?
For had she not been fair and thus unkind,
My Muse had slept, and none had known
my mind.

VII

FOR had she not been fair and thus unkind,
Then had no finger pointed at my light-
ness,

The world had never known what I do find,
And clouds obscure had shaded still her bright-
ness.

Then had no censor's eye these lines surveyed,
Nor graver brows had judged my Muse so vain,
No sun my blush and error had bewrayed,
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdain.
Then had I walked with bold erected face,
No down-cast look had signified my miss ;
But my degraded hopes with such disgrace
Did force me groan out griefs and utter this.

For, being full, should I not then have spoken ;
My sense oppressed had failed, and heart had
broken.

VIII

THOU, poor heart, sacrificed unto the fairest,
Hast sent the incense of thy sighs to
heaven,

And still against her frowns fresh vows reparaest,
And made thy passions with her beauty even ;
And you, mine eyes, the agents of my heart,
Told the dumb message of my hidden grief,
And oft with careful turns, with silent art,
Did 'treat the cruel fair to yield relief.

And you, my verse, the advocates of love,
Have followed hard the process of my case,
And urged that title which doth plainly prove
My faith should win, if justice might have place.

Yet, though I see that nought we do can
move,

'Tis not disdain must make me cease to love.

IX

IF this be love, to draw a weary breath,
Paint on floods, till the shore, cry to the air,
With downward looks still reading on the earth
These sad memorials of my love's despair ;
If this be love, to war against my soul,
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve,
The never-resting stone of care to roll,
Still to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve ;
If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart,
My pleasures horror, music tragic notes,
Tears in mine eyes and sorrow at my heart ;
If this be love, to live a living death,
Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

X

THEN do I love, and draw this weary breath,
For her, the cruel fair, within whose
brow

I written find the sentence of my death
In unkind letters, wrote she cares not how.
Thou power, that rulest the confines of the night,
Laughter - loving Goddess, worldly pleasures'
Queen,

Intenerate that heart, that sets so light
The truest love that ever yet was seen ;
And cause her leave to triumph in this wise
Upon the prostrate spoil of that poor heart,
That serves a trophy to her conquering eyes
And must their glory to the world impart.

Once let her know she hath done enough to
prove me,

And let her pity if she cannot love me.

XI

TEARS, vows and prayers win the hardest
heart ;

Tears, vows and prayers have I spent in vain ;

Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert,

Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.

I lose my tears where I have lost my love,

I vow my faith where faith is not regarded,

I pray in vain a merciless to move ;

So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Yet, though I cannot win her will with tears,

Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows,

Though all my prayers be to so deaf ears,

No favour though the cruel fair allows ;

Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel she ;

Flint, frost, disdain, wears, melts and yields,

we see.

XII

MY spotless love hovers with purest wings
About the temple of the proudest frame,
Where blaze those lights, fairest of earthly
things,
Which clear our clouded world with brightest
flame.

My ambitious thoughts, confinèd in her face,
Affect no honour but what she can give,
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort unless she relieve.
For she, that can my heart imparadise,
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is,
My fortune's wheel's the circle of her eyes,
Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss.
All my life's sweet consists in her alone,
So much I love the most unloving one.

XIII

BEHOLD what hap Pygmalion had, to frame
And carve his proper grief upon a stone !

My heavy fortune is much like the same,
I work on flint, and that's the cause I moan.
For hapless, lo ! even with my own desires,
I figured on the table of mine heart
The fairest form that all the world admires,
And so did perish by my proper art.
And still I toil to change the marble breast
Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore,
Yet cannot find her breath unto my rest,
Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore !

But happy he that joyed his stone and art,
Unhappy I, to love a stony heart.

XIV

THOSE snary locks are those same nets, my
Dear,

Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprise ;
Love was the flame that fired me so near,
The dart transpiercing were those crystal eyes.
Strong is the net and fervent is the flame,
Deep is the wound, my sighs can well report ;
Yet do I love, adore, and praise the same,
That holds, that burns, that wounds me in this
sort,

And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal,
The bond, the flame, the wound that festereth so,
By knife, by liquor or by salve to deal,
So much I please to perish in my woe.

Yet, lest long travails be above my strength,
Good Delia, loose, quench, heal me now at
length.

xv

IF that a loyal heart and faith unfeigned,
If a sweet languish with a chaste desire,
If hunger-starven thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke and cherished but with fire,
And if a brow, with cares' characters painted,
Bewrays my love, with broken words half
spoken

To her that sits in my thought's temple sainted,
And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open ;
If I have done due homage to her eyes
And had my sighs still tending on her name ;
If on her love my life and honour lies,
And she, the unkindest maid, still scorns the
same ;

Let this suffice, that all the world may see
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt
must be.

xvi

HAPPY in sleep, waking content to languish,
Embracing clouds by night, in day-time
mourn,

My joys but shadows, touch of truth my anguish,
Griefs ever springing, comforts never borne ;
And still expecting when she will relent,
Grown hoarse with crying "Mercy, mercy
give !"

So many vows and prayers having spent,
That, weary of my life, I loathe to live ;
And yet the Hydra of my cares renews
Still new-born sorrows of her fresh disdain,
And still my hope the summer winds pursues,
Finding no end nor period of my pain.

This is my state, my griefs do touch so
nearly,

And thus I live because I love her dearly.

XVII

WHY should I sing in verse, why should I
frame

These sad neglected notes for her dear sake ?

Why should I offer up unto her name

The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make ?

Why should I strive to make her live for ever,

That never deigns to give me joy to live ?

Why should my afflicted Muse so much endeavour

Such honour unto cruelty to give ?

If her defects have purchased her this fame,

What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love ?

If this her worst, how should her best inflame ?

What passions would her milder favours move ?

Favours, I think, would sense quite over-
come,

And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

XVIII

SINCE the first look that led me to this error,
To this thought's-maze, to my confusion
tending,

Still have I lived in grief, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my sorrows never ending,
Yet cannot leave her love that holds me hateful,
Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdains me ;
See what reward he hath who serves the un-
grateful,

So true and loyal love no favour gains me.
Still must I whet my young desires abated,
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling,
And all in vain, her pride is so innated,
She yields no place at all for pity's dwelling.

Oft have I told her that my soul did love her,
And that with tears ; yet all this will not
move her.

XIX

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore,
Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love,
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And to the Orient do thy pearls remove ;
Yield thy hand's pride unto the ivory white,
To Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet ;
Let Venus have thy graces her resigned,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres ;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears ;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again.
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

XX

WHAT is it to breathe and live without
life ?

How, to be pale with anguish, red with fear,
To have peace abroad, and nought within but
strife,

Wish to be present, and yet shun to appear ?
How, to be bold far off, and bashful near ?
How, to think much, and have no words to
speak,

To crave redress, yet hold affliction dear,
To have affection strong, a body weak,
Never to find, and evermore to seek,
And seek that which I dare not hope to find,
To affect this life, and yet this life dislike,
Grateful to another, to myself unkind ?

This cruel knowledge of those contraries,
Delia, my heart hath learned out of those
eyes.

XXI

IF beauty thus be clouded with a frown,
That pity shines no comfort to my bliss,
And vapours of disdain so overgrown
That my life's light wholly endarkened is,
Why should I more molest the world with cries,
The air with sighs, the earth below with tears,
Sith I live hateful to those ruthless eyes,
Vexing with untuned moan her dainty ears?
If I have loved her dearer than my breath,
My breath that calls the heavens to witness it,
And still must hold her dear till after death,
And that all this moves not her thoughts a whit;
Yet sure she cannot but must think apart
She doth me wrong, to grieve so true a heart.

XXII

COME, Time, the anchor-hold of my desire,
My last resort whereto my hopes appeal,
Cause once the date of her disdain to expire,
Make her the sentence of her wrath repeal.
Rob her fair brow, break in on beauty, steal
Power from those eyes which pity cannot spare ;
Deal with those dainty cheeks as she doth deal
With this poor heart consumèd with despair,
This heart made now the prospective of care
By loving her, the cruellest fair that lives,
The cruellest fair, that sees I pine for her,
And never mercy to my merit gives ;
Let her not still triumph over the prize
Of mine affections, taken by her eyes.

XXIII

TIME, cruel Time, come and subdue that
brow,

Which conquers all but thee, and thee too stays,
As if she were exempt from scythe or bow,
From love or years unsubject to decays.
Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes,
That they may help thee to consume our days?
Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
Being merciless like thee that no man weighs?
And yet thou seest thy power she disobeys,
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vain,
And, prodigal of hours and years, betrays
Beauty and youth to opinion and disdain.

Yet spare her, Time, let her exempted be ;
She may become more kind to thee or me.

XXIV

THESE sorrowing sighs, the smoke of mine
annoy,

These tears, which heat of sacred flame distils,
Are those due tributes that my faith doth pay
Unto the tyrant, whom unkindness kills.
I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
At her proud feet, and she respects not it.
My flower untimely's withered with my tears
And winter woes, for spring of youth unfit.
She thinks a look may recompense my care,
And so with looks prolongs my long-looked ease ;
As short that bliss, so is the comfort rare,
Yet must that bliss my hungry looks appease.
Thus she returns my hopes so fruitless ever ;
Once let her love indeed, or else look never.

XXV

FALSE Hope prolongs my ever-certain grief,
Traitor to me, and faithful to my love ;

A thousand times it promised me relief,

Yet never any true effect I prove.

Oft when I find in her no truth at all,

I banish her, and blame her treachery,

Yet soon again I must her back recall,

As one that dies without her company.

Thus often as I chase my Hope from me,

Straightway she hastes her unto Delia's eyes ;

Fed with some pleasing look there shall she be,

And so sent back, and thus my fortune lies :

Looks feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in
vain,

Hopes are unsure, when certain is my pain.

XXVI

LOOK in my griefs, and blame me not to
mourn,

From care to care that lead a life so bad,
The orphan of Fortune, born to be her scorn,
Whose clouded brow doth make my days so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares do never sleep,
Loathsome their days whom no sun ever joyed ;
The impression of her eyes doth pierce so deep
That thus I live both day and night annoyed.
But since the sweetest root yields fruit so sour,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part ;
I love the effect, the cause being of this power ;
I'll praise her face, and blame her flinty heart.

Whilst we both make the world admire at us,
Her for disdain, and me for loving thus.

XXVII

OFt and in vain my rebel thoughts have
ventured

To stop the passage of my vanquished heart,
And shut those ways my friendly foe first entered,
Hoping thereby to free my better part.

And whilst I guard these windows of this fort,
Where my heart's thief to vex me made her
choice,

And thither all my forces do transport,
Another passage opens at her voice.

Her voice betrays me to her hand and eye,
My freedom's tyrants, conquering all by art ;
But ah ! what glory can she get thereby,
With three such powers to plague one silly heart ?

Yet, my soul's sovereign, since I must resign,
Reign in my thoughts, my love and life are
thine.

XXVIII

REIGN in my thoughts, fair hand, sweet
eye, rare voice,

Possess me whole, my heart's triumvirate ;
Yet heavy heart to make so hard a choice
Of such as spoil thy poor afflicted state ;
For whilst they strive which shall be lord of all,
All my poor life by them is trodden down,
They all erect their trophies on my fall
And yield me nought that give them their
renown.

When back I look, I sigh my freedom past,
And wail the state wherein I present stand,
And see my fortune ever like to last,
Finding me reined with such a heavy hand.

What can I do but yield ? And yield I do,
And serve all three, and yet they spoil me too.

XXIX

*Alluding to the sparrow pursued by a hawk that
flew into the bosom of Zenocrates*

WHILST, by thy eyes pursued, my poor
heart flew

Into the sacred refuge of thy breast,
Thy rigour in that sanctuary slew
That which thy succouring mercy should have
blest.

No privilege of faith could it protect,
Faith being with blood and five years' witness
signed,

Wherein no shew gave cause of least suspect,
For well thou sawest my love and how I pined ;
Yet no mild comfort would thy brow reveal,
No lightening looks which falling hopes erect.
What boots to laws of succour to appeal ?
Ladies and tyrants never laws respect.

Then there I die from whence my life
should come,
And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

xxx

STILL in the trace of one perplexed thought
My ceaseless cares continually run on,
Seeking in vain what I have ever sought,
One in my love, and her hard heart still one ;
I, who did never joy in other sun,
And have no stars but those that must fulfil
The work of rigour, fatally begun
Upon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
Injurious Delia, yet I love thee still,
And will, whilst I shall draw this breath of mine ;
I'll tell the world that I deserved but ill,
And blame myself to excuse that heart of thine.
See then who sins the greater of us twain,
I in my love, or thou in thy disdain.

XXXI

OF T do I marvel whether Delia's eyes
Are eyes, or else two radiant stars that
shine ;

For how could Nature ever thus devise
Of earth on earth a substance so divine ?
Stars sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
And calm and tempest follow their aspects ;
Their sweet appearing still such power inspires
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet, whether fixed or wandering stars are they,
Whose influence rules the orb of my poor heart ?
Fixed sure they are, but wandering make me stray
In endless errors, whence I cannot part.

Stars then, not eyes, move you with milder
view

Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

XXXII

THE star of my mishap imposed this pain,
To spend the April of my years in grief,
Finding my fortune ever in the wane
With still fresh cares, supplied with no relief.
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee 'tis done,
But these weak wings, presuming to aspire,
Which now are melted by thine eyes' bright sun,
That makes me fall from off my high desire ;
And in my fall I cry for help with speed,
No pitying eye looks back upon my fears,
No succour find I now when most I need,
My heats must drown in the ocean of my tears,
Which still must bear the title of my wrong,
Caused by those cruel beams that were too
strong.

XXXIII

AND yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame the attempt presuming so to
soar ;

The mounting venture for a high delight
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the
shore ?

Danger hath honour, great designs their fame ;
Glory doth follow, courage goes before ;
And though the event oft answers not the same,
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
Lives without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.

And therefore, Delia, 'tis to me no blot
To have attempted though attained thee not.

XXXIV

RAISING my hopes on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the heaven of her heart,
My slender means presumed too high a part ;
Her thunders of disdain forced me retire,
And threw me down to pain in all this fire,
Where, lo ! I languish in so heavy smart,
Because the attempt was far above my art ;
Her pride brooked not poor souls should so
aspire.

Yet I protest my high desiring will
Was not to dispossess her of her right ;
Her sovereignty should have remained still.
I only sought the bliss to have her sight ;
Her sight, contented thus to see me spill,
Framed my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

xxxv

WHY dost thou, Delia, credit so thy glass,
Gazing thy beauty deigned thee by the
skies,

And dost not rather look on him, alas !
Whose state best shews the force of murdering
eyes ?

The broken tops of lofty trees declare
The fury of a mercy-wanting storm ;
And of what force thy wounding graces are
Upon myself thou best may'st find the form.
Then leave thy glass and gaze thyself on me ;
That mirror shews what power is in thy face.
To view your form too much may danger be ;
Narcissus changed to a flower in such a case.

And you are changed, but not to a hyacinth ;
I fear your eye hath turned your heart to a
flint.

XXXVI

I ONCE may see when years shall wreak
my wrong,

When golden hairs shall change to silver wire,
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.

Then beauty, now the burden of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire ;
Then fade those flowers that decked her pride
so long.

When, if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-withered hue,
Go you, my verse, go, tell her what she was,
For what she was she best shall find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But, Phoenix-like, shall make her live anew.

XXXVII

LOOK, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown
 rose,

The image of thy blush and summer's honour,
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose,
That, full of beauty, Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to
 decline ;

She then is scorned, that late adorned the fair.
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine ;
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now ;
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.

Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou may'st be loved
 again.

XXXVIII

BUT love whilst that thou may'st be loved
again,

Now whilst thy May hath filled thy lap with
flowers,

Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain ;

Now use the Summer smiles, ere Winter lowers.

And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun

The fairest flower that ever saw the light,

Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done,

And, Delia, think thy morning must have night,

And that thy brightness sets at length to West,

When thou wilt close up that which now thou
shew'st ;

And think the same becomes thy fading best

Which then shall most inveil and shadow most.

Men do not weigh the stalk for what it was,

When once they find her flower, her glory,
pass.

XXXIX

WHEN men shall find thy flower, thy
glory, pass,

And thou, with careful brow sitting alone,
Received hast this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone ;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou
madest,

Though spent thy flame, in me the heat
remaining ;

I, that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent ;
Then what my faith hath been thyself shall see,
And that thou wast unkind thou mayest repent ;
Thou mayest repent that thou hast scorned
my tears,

When Winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

XL

WHEN Winter snows upon thy sable hairs,
And frost of age hath nipped thy beauties
near,

When dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
And all lies withered that was held so dear ;
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limnèd with a pencil not all unworthy ;
Here see the gifts that God and Nature lent thee,
Here read thyself and what I suffered for thee.
This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherish ;
These colours with thy fading are not spent,
These may remain when thou and I shall perish.
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby ;
They will remain, and so thou canst not die.

XLI

THOU canst not die while any zeal abound
In feeling hearts that can conceive these
lines ;

Though thou, a Laura, hast no Petrarch found,
In base attire yet clearly beauty shines.

And I, though born within a colder clime,
Do feel mine inward heat as great, I know it ;
He never had more faith, although more rhyme ;
I love as well, though he could better shew it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,

To help her flight throughout the fairest isle ;
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou live in an immortal style.

For though that Laura better limnèd be,
Suffice, thou shalt be loved as well as she.

XLII

BE not displeased that these my papers should
Bewray unto the world how fair thou art,
Or that my wits have shewn as best they could
The chastest flame that ever warmèd heart.
Think not, sweet Delia, this shall be thy shame,
My Muse shall sound thy praise with mournful
warble.

How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice, when thine is graved in marble ?
Thou mayst in after ages live esteemed,
Unburied in these lines, reserved in pureness ;
These shall entomb those eyes that have redeemed
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscureness.

Although my careful accents never moved thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I have loved thee.

XLIII

DELIA, these eyes that so admireth thine
Have seen those walls which proud
ambition reared
To check the world, how they entombed have
lien
Within themselves, and on them ploughs have
eared,
Yet never found that barbarous hand attained
The spoil of fame deserved by virtuous men,
Whose glorious actions luckily had gained
The eternal annals of a happy pen.
And therefore grieve not if thy beauties die ;
Though time do spoil thee of the fairest veil
That ever yet covered mortality,
And must instar the needle and the rail ;
That grace which doth more than enwoman
thee
Lives in my lines and must eternal be.

XLIV

MOST fair and lovely maid, look from the
shore,

See thy Leander striving in these waves,
Poor soul, quite spent, whose force can do no
more ;

Now send forth hope, for now calm pity saves,
And waft him to thee with those lovely eyes,
A happy convoy to a holy land.

Now shew thy power and where thy virtue lies,
To save thine own stretch out the fairest hand ;
Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace,
That hand that darts so right and never misses ;
I shall forget old wrongs, my griefs shall cease,
And that which gave me wounds, I'll give it
kisses.

Once let the ocean of my cares find shore,
That thou be pleased, and I may sigh no more.

XLV

READ in my face a volume of despairs,
The wailing Iliads of my tragic woe,
Drawn with my blood and painted with my
cares,
Wrought by her hand that I have honoured so ;
Who, whilst I burn, she sings at my soul's
wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride ;
There my soul's tyrant joys her in the sack
Of her own seat, whereof I made her guide.
There do these smokes that from affliction rise
Serve as an incense to a cruel dame,
A sacrifice thrice-grateful to her eyes
Because their power serves to exact the same.
Thus ruins she, to satisfy her will,
The temple where her name was honoured
still.

XLVI

M^Y Delia hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaids on her grace to
attend,

That never fall to ebb nor ever dries,
For to their flow she never grants an end.
The Ocean never did attend more dully
Upon his sovereign's course, the night's pale
Queen,

Nor paid the impost of his waves more truly
Than mine unto her cruelty hath been.
Yet nought the rock of that hard heart can move,
Where beat these tears with zeal, and fury
drives ;

And yet I rather languish for her love
Than I would joy the fairest she that lives ;
And if I find such pleasure to complain,
What should I do then, if I should obtain ?

XLVII

HOW long shall I in mine affliction mourn,
A burden to myself, distrest in mind ?
When shall my interdicted hopes return
From out despair, wherein they live confined ?
When shall her troubled brow, charged with
disdain,
Reveal the treasure which her smiles impart ?
When shall my faith the happiness attain
To break the ice that hath congealed her heart ?
Unto herself herself my love doth summon,
If love in her hath any power to move ;
And let her tell me, as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deserved her love ?
I know her heart cannot but judge with me,
Although her eyes my adversaries be.

XLVIII

BEAUTY, sweet Love, is like the morning
dew,

Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose,
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burden of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that, in beauty's lease expired, appears
The date of age, the Kalends of our death.

But ah, no more, this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

XLIX

I MUST not grieve my Love, whose eyes
would read

Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile ;
Flowers have time, before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither ;
And where the sweetest blossoms first appears
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise.
Pity and smiles do best become the fair,
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.

Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
“ Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.”

L

AND whither, poor forsaken, wilt thou go,
To go from sorrow and thine own distress
When every place presents like face of woe,
And no remove can make thy sorrows less ?
Yet go, forsaken, leave these woods, these plains,
Leave her and all, and all for her that leaves
Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdains,
And of both wrongful deems and ill conceives.
Seek out some place, and see if any place
Can give the least release unto thy grief ;
Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
Steal from thyself and be thy care's own thief.
But yet what comforts shall I hereby gain ?
Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain.

LI

DRAWN with the attractive virtue of her
eyes,

My touched heart turns it to that happy coast,

My joyful North, where all my fortune lies,

The level of my hopes desired most.

There, where my Delia, fairer than the sun,

Decked with her youth whereon the world doth
smile,

Joys in that honour which her eyes have won,

The eternal wonder of our happy isle.

Flourish, fair Albion, glory of the North,

Neptune's best darling, held between his arms,

Divided from the world, as better worth,

Kept for himself, defended from all harms.

Still let disarmèd peace deck her and thee,

And Muse-foe Mars abroad far-fostered be.

LII

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable
night,

Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care's return ;
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth,
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow,
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

LIII

LET others sing of knights and paladins
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits records.
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet the unborn shall say, "Lo, where
she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak that else was
dumb."

These are the arks, the trophies, I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age,
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and Time's consuming rage.
Though the error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice they shew I lived and loved thee dear.

LIV

AS to the Roman that would free his land
His error was his honour and renown,
And more the fame of his mistaking hand
Than if he had the tyrant overthrown ;
So, Delia, hath mine error made me known,
And my deceived attempt deserved more fame,
Than if I had the victory mine own,
And thy hard heart had yielded up the same.
And so likewise renowned is thy blame,
Thy cruelty thy glory ; oh strange case,
That errors should be graced that merit shame,
And sin of frowns bring honour to the face.
Yet happy, Delia, that thou wast unkind,
Though happier far if thou would'st change
thy mind.

LV

LIKE as the lute delights or else dislikes,
As is his art that plays upon the same,
So sounds my Muse according as she strikes
On my heart-strings high-tuned unto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which here I yield in lamentable wise,
A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports give honour to her eyes.
Else harsh my style, untunable my Muse,
Hoarse sounds the voice that praiseth not her
name ;
If any pleasing relish here I use,
Then judge the world her beauty gives the same ;
For no ground else could make the music such,
Nor other hand could give so true a touch.

LVI

NONE other fame mine unambitious Muse
Affected ever, but to eternise thee ;
All other honours do my hopes refuse,
Which meaner-prized and momentary be.
For God forbid I should my papers blot
With mercenary lines, with servile pen,
Praising virtues in them that have them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no, my verse respects nor Thames nor
theatres,
Nor seeks it to be known unto the great,
But Avon, poor in fame and poor in waters,
Shall have my song, where Delia hath her seat.
Avon shall be my Thames, and she my song ;
No other prouder brooks shall hear my wrong.

LVII

UNHAPPY pen, and ill-accepted lines,
That intimate in vain my chaste desire,
My chaste desire which from dark sorrow shines,
Enkindled by her eyes' celestial fire,
Celestial fire, and unrespecting powers,
Which pity not the wounds made by their might,
Shewed in these lines, the work of careful hours,
The sacrifice here offered to her sight.

But since she weighs them not, this rest for me,
I'll moan myself, and hide the wrong I have,
And so content me that her frowns should be
To my infant style the cradle and the grave.

What though my Muse no honour gets
thereby ;

Each bird sings to herself, and so will I.

LVIII

LO here the impost of a faith entire
Which Love doth pay, and her disdain
extorts ;

Behold the message of a chaste desire
Which tells the world how much my grief
imports.

These tributary passions, beauty's due,
I send those eyes, the cabinets of love,
That cruelty herself might grieve to view
The affliction her unkind disdain doth move.
And how I live cast down from off all mirth,
Pensive alone, only but with despair,
My joys abortive perish in their birth
My griefs long-lived, and care succeeding care.
This is my state, and Delia's heart is such.
I say no more, I fear I said too much.

AN ODE

NOW each creature joys the other,
 Passing happy days and hours ;
One bird reports unto another
 In the fall of silver showers,
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
 Hath her bosom decked with flowers ;

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
 With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
 Cheering plants with fresher sap ;
My field, of flowers quite bereaven,
 Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
 Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
 And sounds the accents of my ills ;
Each thing pities my despair,
 Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (oh cruel maid !)
 Doth me and my love despise,
My life's flourish is decayed
 That depended on her eyes ;
But her will must be obeyed,
 And well he ends for love who dies.

A PASTORAL

I

O H happy golden Age,
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropped from
trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees,
Not for no cold did freeze
Nor any cloud beguile
The eternal flowering spring,
Wherein lived everything,
And whereon the heavens perpetually did
smile ;
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores or wars or wares ill-sought.

II

But only for that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty sound
Called Honour, which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found,
Nor yet sad griefs imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful amorous wights,
Nor were his hard laws known to free-born
hearts,
But golden laws like these
Which Nature wrote, *That's lawful which doth*
please.

III

Then amongst flowers and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sat lovers without conflict, without flame,
And nymphs and shepherds sings,
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisperings with songs, then kisses with the
same,
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals
Which now her veil conceals,
The tender apples in her bosom seen,
And oft in rivers clear
The lovers with their loves consorting were.

IV

Honour, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight,
Denying water to the amorous thirst ;
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrained from men and on themselves reversed.
Thou in a lawn didst first
Those golden hairs incase
Late spread unto the wind ;
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
Oh Honour, it is thou
That mak'st that stealth which Love doth free
allow.

V

His thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus ;
But thou, fierce Lord of Nature and of Love,
The qualifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with us,
That are below thy power, shut from above ?
Go, and from us remove,
Trouble the mighty's sleep ;
Let us, neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And the use of the ancient happy ages keep ;
Let's love, this life of ours
Can make no truce with Time that all devours.

VI

Let's love, the sun doth set and rise again,
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

IDEA

To the Reader of these Sonnets

INTO these Loves who but for Passion looks,
At this first sight here let him lay them by
And seek elsewhere, in turning other books,
Which better may his labour satisfy.
No far-fetched sigh shall ever wound my breast,
Love from mine eye a tear shall never wring,
Nor in *Ah me's* my whining sonnets drest,
A libertine, fantastically I sing.
My verse is the true image of my mind,
Ever in motion, still desiring change ;
And as thus to variety inclined,
So in all humours sportively I range ;
My Muse is rightly of the English strain,
That cannot long one fashion entertain.

I

LIKE an adventurous seafarer am I,
Who hath some long and dangerous
voyage been,
And, called to tell of his discovery,
How far he sailed, what countries he had seen.
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
Shews by his compass how his course he steered,
When East, when West, when South, and when
by North,
As how the Pole to every place was reared,
What capes he doubled, of what Continent,
The gulfs and straits that strangely he had past,
Where most becalmed, where with foul weather
spent,
And on what rocks in peril to be cast.
Thus in my love, Time calls me to relate
My tedious travels and oft-varying fate.

II

MY heart was slain, and none but you and I ;
Who should I think the murther should
commit,

Since but yourself there was no creature by,
But only I, guiltless of murth'ring it ?
It slew itself ; the verdict on the view
Doth quit the dead, and me not accessory.
Well, well, I fear it will be proved by you,
The evidence so great a prooffe doth carry.
But O, see, see, we need enquire no further,
Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
And in your eye the boy that did the murther ;
Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the
wound.

By this I see, however things be past,
Yet Heaven will still have murther out at last.

III

TAKING my pen, with words to cast my
woe,

Duly to count the sum of all my cares,
I find my griefs innumerable grow,
The reckonings rise to millions of despairs ;
And thus dividing of my fatal hours,
The payments of my love I read and cross,
Subtracting, set my sweets unto my sour,
My joy's arrearage leads me to my loss ;
And thus mine eye's a debtor to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their looks ;
My heart hath paid such grievous usury
That all their wealth lies in thy beauty's books,
And all is thine which hath been due to me,
And I a bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

IV

BRIGHT star of beauty, on whose eyelids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamoured
Graces,

The Goddesses of Memory and Wit,
Which there in order take their several places ;
In whose dear bosom sweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver, which he once did bear,
Since he that blessed Paradise did prove,
And leaves his mother's lap to sport him there.
Let others strive to entertain with words,
My soul is of a braver metal made ;
I hold that vile which vulgar wit affords,
In me's that faith which Time cannot invade.

Let what I praise be still made good by you ;
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true.

v

NOTHING but *No*, and *Aye*, and *Aye*,
and *No*?

How falls it out so strangely you reply?

I tell ye, fair, I'll not be answered so,

With this affirming *No*, denying *Aye*.

I say "I love," you slightly answer *Aye*;

I say "you love," you pule me out a *No*;

I say "I die," you echo me an *Aye*;

"Save me," I cry, you sigh me out a *No*;

Must woe and I have nought but *No* and

Aye?

No I am I, if I no more can have;

Answer no more, with silence make reply,

And let me take myself what I do crave.

Let *No* and *Aye* with I and you be so;

Then answer *No*, and *Aye*, and *Aye* and *No*.

VI

HOW many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no Poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapt in their winding-sheet !
Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And Queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.
Virgins and matrons, reading these my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy story
That they shall grieve they lived not in these
times,
To have seen thee, their sex's only glory.
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

VII

LOVE in a humour played the prodigal
And bade my Senses to a solemn feast ;
Yet, more to grace the company withal,
Invites my Heart to be the chiefest guest.
No other drink would serve this glutton's turn
But precious tears distilling from mine eyne,
Which with my sighs this epicure doth burn,
Quaffing carouses in this costly wine ;
Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul excess,
Straightways he plays a swaggering ruffian's part,
And at the banquet in his drunkenness
Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest Heart.
A gentle warning, friends, thus may you see
What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

VIII

THERE'S nothing grieves me, but that
Age should haste,

That in my days I may not see thee old,
That where those two clear sparkling eyes are
placed

Only two loop-holes then I might behold ;
That lovely, arched, ivory, polished brow
Defaced with wrinkles that I might but see ;
Thy dainty hair, so curl'd and crisped now,
Like grizzled moss upon some aged tree ;
Thy cheek, now flush with roses, sunk and lean ;
Thy lips with age as any wafer thin ;
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head so clean,
That, when thou feed'st, thy nose shall touch
thy chin.

These lines that now thou scorn'st, which
should delight thee,

Then would I make thee read but to despise
thee.

IX

AS other men, so I myself do muse,
Why in this sort I wrest invention so,
And why these giddy metaphors I use,
Leaving the path the greater part do go.
I will resolve you : I am lunatic ;
And ever this in madmen you shall find,
What they last thought of when the brain grew
sick

In most distraction they keep that in mind.
Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
Reason and I, you must conceive, are twain ;
'Tis nine years now since first I lost my wit ;
Bear with me then, though troubled be my
brain.

With diet and correction men distraught
(Not too far past) may to their wits be
brought.

x

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare
Than to the son of some rich penny-
father,

Who, having now brought on his end with care,
Leaves to his son all he had heaped together ;
This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,
To one man gives, doth on another spend,
Then here he riots, yet among the rest
Haps to lend some to one true honest friend.
Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,
False friends thy kindness, born but to deceive
thee,

Thy love that is on the unworthy placed,
Time hath thy beauty, which with age will
leave thee ;

Only that little which to me was lent
I give thee back, when all the rest is spent.

XI

YOU not alone, when you are still alone,
O God, from you that I could private
be !

Since you one were, I never since was one ;
Since you in me, my self since out of me,
Transported from my self into your being ;
Though either distant, present yet to either,
Senseless with too much joy, each other seeing,
And only absent when we are together.
Give me my self and take your self again,
Devise some means but how I may forsake you ;
So much is mine that doth with you remain,
That, taking what is mine, with me I take
you ;
You do bewitch me ; O, that I could fly,
From my self you, or from your own self I !

XII

To the Soul

THAT learned Father, who so firmly proves
The Soul of man immortal and divine,
And doth the several offices define,
Gives her that name, as she the Body moves ;
Then is she Love, embracing charity ;
Moving a Will in us, it is the Mind ;
Retaining knowledge, still the same in kind ;
As intellectual, it is Memory ;
In judging, Reason only is her name ;
In speedy apprehension it is Sense ;
In right or wrong they call her Conscience ;
The Spirit, when it to Godward doth inflame.
These of the Soul the several functions be,
Which my Heart, lightened by thy love,
doth see.

XIII

To the Shadow

LETTERS and lines we see are soon defaced,
Metals do waste and fret with canker's
rust,

The diamond shall once consume to dust,
And freshest colours with foul stains disgraced ;
Paper and ink can paint but naked words,
To write with blood of force offends the sight ;
And if with tears I find them all too light,
And sighs and signs a silly hope affords,
O sweetest shadow, how thou serv'st my turn,
Which still shalt be, as long as there is sun,
Nor, whilst the world is, never shalt be done,
Whilst moon shall shine or any fire shall burn ;
That everything whence shadow doth proceed
May in my shadow my love's story read.

XIV

IF he from Heaven that filched that living fire
Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,
I greatly marvel how you still go free
That far beyond Prometheus did aspire.
The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,
Which from above he craftily did take,
Of lifeless clods us living men to make,
He did bestow in temper of the mind ;
But you broke into Heaven's immortal store,
Where Virtue, Honour, Wit, and Beauty lay,
Which taking thence you have escaped away,
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before ;
Yet old Prometheus punished for his rape.
Thus poor thieves suffer when the greater
'scape.

xv

His Remedy for Love

SINCE to obtain thee nothing will me stead,
I have a medicine that shall cure my love,
The powder of her heart dried, when she is dead,
That gold nor honour ne'er had power to move,
Mixt with her tears, that ne'er her true-love
crost

Nor at fifteen ne'er longed to be a bride,
Boiled with her sighs in giving up the ghost,
That for her late deceased husband died ;
Into the same then let a woman breathe,
That, being chid, did never word reply,
With one thrice-married's prayers, that did
bequeath

A legacy to stale virginity.

If this receipt have not the power to win me,
Little I'll say, but think the Devil's in me.

XVI

An Allusion to the Phoenix

'MONGST all the creatures in this spacious
round

Of the birds' kind, the Phoenix is alone,
Which best by you of living things is known ;
None like to that, none like to you is found.
Your beauty is the hot and splend'rous sun,
The precious spices be your chaste desire,
Which being kindled by that heavenly fire,
Your life so like the Phoenix's begun ;
Yourself thus burnèd in that sacred flame,
With so rare sweetness all the heavens perfuming,
Again increasing as you are consuming,
Only by dying born the very same ;
And, winged by fame, you to the stars ascend,
So you of time shall live beyond the end.

XVII

To Time

STAY, speedy Time, behold, before thou pass,
From age to age what thou hast sought to
see,

One in whom all the excellencies be,
In whom Heaven looks itself as in a glass.
Time, look thyself in this tralucent glass,
And thy youth past in this pure mirror see,
As the world's beauty in his infancy,
What it was then, and thou before it was.
Pass on, and to posterity tell this,
Yet see thou tell but truly what hath been ;
Say to our nephews that thou once hast seen
In perfect human shape all heavenly bliss,
And bid them mourn, nay more, despair with
thee,
That she is gone, her like again to see.

XVIII

To the Celestial Numbers

TO this our world, to Learning, and to
Heaven,

Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,
One number of the Earth, the other both divine ;
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine Orders first of Angels be in Heaven,
Nine Muses do with Learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are ever resident ;
Nine Worthy Women to the world were given.
My Worthy One to these Nine Worthies addeth,
And my fair Muse one Muse unto the Nine,
And my good Angel, in my soul divine,
With one more Order these Nine Orders
gladdeth ;

My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angel then
Makes every One of these three Nines a Ten.

XIX

To Humour

YOU cannot love, my pretty heart, and why ?
There was a time you told me that you
would ;

But now again you will the same deny,
If it might please you, would to God you could !
What, will you hate ? Nay, that you will not,
neither.

Nor love nor hate, how then ? What will you do ?
What, will you keep a mean then betwixt either,
Or will you love me and yet hate me too ?
Yet serves not this. What next ? What other
shift ?

You will, and will not ; what a coil is here !
I see your craft, now I perceive your drift,
And all this while I was mistaken there :
Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you,
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

XX

AN evil spirit, your beauty haunts me still,
Wherewith, alas, I have been long possest,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest ;
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity ;
Before my face it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death,
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath.
Thus am I still provoked to every evil
By this good wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil.

XXI

A WITLESS gallant a young wench that
wooded

(Yet his dull spirit her not one jot could move),
Entreated me, as e'er I wished his good,
To write him but one sonnet to his love ;
When I, as fast as e'er my pen could trot,
Poured out what first from quick invention came,
Nor never stood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his wit that was to use the same ;
But with my verses he his mistress won,
Who doted on the dolt beyond all measure.
But see, for you to Heaven for phrase I run,
And ransack all Apollo's golden treasure ;
Yet by my froth this fool his love obtains,
And I lose you for all my love and pains.

XXII

To Folly

WITH fools and children good discretion
bears ;

Then, honest people, bear with Love and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiser made by years,
Amongst the rest of fools and children be ;
Love, still a baby, plays with gauds and toys,
And, like a wanton, sports with every feather,
And idiots still are running after boys,
Then fools and children fitt'st to go together.
He still as young as when he first was born,
No wiser I than when as young as he ;
You that behold us laugh us not to scorn,
Give Nature thanks you are not such as we.

Yet fools and children sometimes tell in play
Some, wise in show, more fools indeed than
they.

XXIII

LOVE, banished Heaven, on Earth was held
in scorn,

Wandering abroad in need and beggary,
And wanting friends, though of a Goddess born,
Yet craved the alms of such as passèd by.

I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothèd the naked, lodged this wandering guest,
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table
With what might make the miserable blest.
But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Enticed my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.

Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow
thus bold,

No marvel then though charity grow cold.

XXIV

I HEAR some say, "This man is not in love."

"What? can he love? a likely thing!"

they say ;

"Read but his verse, and it will easily prove."

O judge not rashly, gentle Sir, I pray !

Because I trifle loosely in this sort,

As one that fain his sorrows would beguile.

You now suppose me all this time in sport,

And please yourself with this conceit the while.

Ye shallow censors, sometime see ye not

In greatest perils some men pleasant be ?

Where fame by death is only to be got,

They resolute? So stands the case with me.

Where other men in depth of passion cry,

I laugh at Fortune, as in jest to die.

XXV

O WHY should Nature niggardly restrain
That foreign nations relish not our
tongue ?

Else should my lines glide on the waves of
Rhene

And crown the Pyrens with my living song.
But, bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth,
Thence take you wing unto the Orcades ;
There let my verse get glory in the North,
Making my sighs to thaw the frozen seas ;
And let the Bards within that Irish isle,
To whom my Muse with fiery wing shall pass,
Call back the stiff-necked rebels from exile,
And mollify the slaughtering Gallowglass ;
And when my flowing numbers they rehearse,
Let wolves and bears be charmèd with my
verse.

XXVI

To Despair

I EVER love where never hope appears,
Yet hope draws on my never-hoping care,
And my life's hope would die, but for despair ;
My never-certain joy breeds ever-certain fears ;
Uncertain dread gives wings unto my hope,
Yet my hope's wings are laden so with fear,
As they cannot ascend to my hope's sphere ;
Though fear gives them more than a heavenly
scope,
Yet this large room is bounded with despair ;
So my love is still fettered with vain hope,
And liberty deprives him of his scope,
And thus am I imprisoned in the air.
Then, sweet despair, awhile hold up thy head,
Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

XXVII

IS not Love here as 'tis in other climes,
And differeth it, as do the several nations ?
Or hath it lost the virtue with the times,
Or in this island altereth with the fashions ?
Or have our passions lesser power than theirs,
Who had less art them lively to express ?
Is Nature grown less powerful in their heirs,
Or in our fathers did she more transgress ?
I am sure my sighs come from a heart as true
As any man's that memory can boast ;
And my respects and services to you
Equal with his that loves his mistress most.
Or nature must be partial to my cause,
Or only you do violate her laws.

XXVIII

TO such as say thy love I overprize,
And do not stick to term my praises folly,
Against these folks, that think themselves so
wise,

I thus oppose my reason's forces wholly,
Though I give more than well affords my state,
In which expense the most suppose me vain ;
Which yields them nothing at the easiest rate,
Yet at this price returns me treble gain.
They value not, unskilful how to use,
And I give much, because I gain thereby ;
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse,
Whether are these deceived then or I ?

In everything I hold this maxim still,
The circumstance doth make it good or ill.

XXIX

To the Senses

WHEN conquering Love did first my heart
assail,

Unto mine aid I summoned every sense,
Doubting, if that proud tyrant should prevail,
My heart should suffer for mine eyes' offence ;
But he with beauty first corrupted sight,
My hearing bribed with her tongue's harmony,
My taste by her sweet lips drawn with delight,
My smelling won with her breath's spicery.
But when my touching came to play his part
(The king of senses, greater than the rest),
He yields Love up the keys unto my heart,
And tells the other how they should be blest.
And thus by those of whom I hoped for aid
To cruel Love my soul was first betrayed.

xxx

To the Vestals

THOSE priests which first the Vestal fire
begun,

Which might be borrowed from no earthly flame,

Devised a vessel to receive the sun,

Being steadfastly opposèd to the same ;

Where, with sweet wood, laid curiously by art,

On which the sun might by reflection beat,

Receiving strength from every secret part,

The fuel kindled with celestial heat ;

Thy blessed eyes the sun which lights this fire,

Thy holy thoughts, they be the Vestal flame,

The precious odours be my chaste desire,

My breast's the vessel which includes the same ;

Thou art my Vesta, thou my Goddess art,

Thy hallowed temple only is my heart.

XXXI

To the Critic

METHINKS I see some crooked mimic jeer,
And tax my Muse with this fantastic
grace,

Turning my papers asks, What have we here ?
Making withal some filthy antic face.

I fear no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one jot of vigour lose ;
Think'st thou my wit shall keep the pack-horse
way

That every dudgen low invention goes ?
Since sonnets thus in bundles are imprest
And every drudge doth dull our satiate ear,
Think'st thou my love shall in those rags be
drest,

That every dowdy, every trull, doth wear ?
Up to my pitch no common judgement flies ;
I scorn all earthly dung-bred scarabies.

XXXII

To the River Anker

OUR flood's-queen Thames for ships and
swans is crowned,

And stately Severn for her shore is praised,
The crystal Trent for fords and fish renowned,
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is raised ;
Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell,
The Peak her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say her Medway doth excel ;
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame,
Our Northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood,
Our Western parts extol their Wylfe's fame
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.

Arden's sweet Anker, let thy glory be,
That fair Idea only lives by thee.

XXXIII

To Imagination

WHILST yet mine eyes do surfeit with
delight,
My woful heart, imprisoned in my breast,
Wisheth to be transformèd to my sight,
That it, like those, by looking might be blest ;
But whilst my eyes thus greedily do gaze,
Finding their objects over-soon depart,
These now the other's happiness do praise,
Wishing themselves that they had been my heart,
That eyes were heart, or that the heart were eyes,
As covetous the other's use to have ;
But finding Nature their request denies,
This to each other mutually they crave :
That since the one cannot the other be,
That eyes could think, or that my heart
could see.

XXXIV

To Admiration

MARVEL not, Love, though I thy power
admire,

Ravished a world beyond the farthest thought,
And knowing more than ever hath been taught,
That I am only starved in my desire.

Marvel not, Love, though I thy power admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisdom's self to minister correction,
That I am only starved in my desire.

Marvel not, Love, though I thy power admire,
Though my conceit I further seem to bend
Than possibly invention can extend,
And yet am only starved in my desire.

If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Love,
That this to me doth yet no wonder prove.

XXXV

To Miracle

SOME, misbelieving and profane in love,
When I do speak of miracles by thee,
May say, that thou art flatterèd by me,
Who only write my skill in verse to prove.
See miracles, ye unbelieving, see,
A dumb-born Muse made to express the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee ;
Blind were mine eyes, till they were seen of
thine,
And mine ears deaf by thy fame healèd be,
My vices cured by virtues sprung from thee,
My hopes revived, which long in grave had lien,
All unclean thoughts, foul spirits, cast out in
me
Only by virtùe that proceeds from thee.

XXXVI

Cupid Conjured

THOU purblind boy, since thou hast been
so slack

To wound her heart, whose eyes have wounded
me,

And suffered her to glory in my wrack,

Thus to my aid I lastly conjure thee :

By hellish Styx, by which the 'Thunderer swears,

By thy fair mother's unavoided power,

By Hecate's names, by Proserpine's sad tears

When she was rapt to the infernal bower,

By thine own lovèd Psyche, by the fires

Spent on thine altars, flaming up to heaven,

By all true lovers' sighs, vows and desires,

By all the wounds that ever thou hast given ;

I conjure thee by all that I have named

To make her love, or, Cupid, be thou damned.

XXXVII

DEAR, why should you command me to
my rest,

When now the night doth summon all to sleep ?

Methinks this time becometh lovers best ;

Night was ordained, together friends to keep.

How happy are all other living things,

Which though the day disjoin by several flight,

The quiet evening yet together brings,

And each returns unto his love at night !

O thou, that art so courteous else to all,

Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only thus,

That every creature to his kind dost call,

And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us ?

Well could I wish it would be ever day,

If when night comes you bid me go away.

XXXVIII

SITTING alone, Love bids me go and write ;
Reason plucks back, commanding me to
stay,

Boasting that she doth still direct the way,
Or else Love were unable to endite.

Love, growing angry, vexèd at the spleen
And scorning Reason's maimèd argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to invent,
Where she with Love conversing hath not been.

Reason, reproachèd with this coy disdain,
Despiteth Love, and laugheth at her folly ;
And Love, contemning Reason's reason wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a grain ;
Reason, put back, doth out of sight remove,
And Love alone picks reason out of love.

XXXIX

SOME, when in rhyme they of their loves
do tell,

With flames and lightnings their exordiums
paint,

Some call on Heaven, some invoke on Hell,
And Fates and Furies with their woes acquaint.

Elysium is too high a seat for me ;

I will not come in Styx or Phlegethon ;

The thrice-three Muses but too wanton be,

Like they that lust, I care not, I will none.

Spiteful Erinnys frights me with her looks,

My manhood dares not with foul Ate mell,

I quake to look on Hecate's charming books,

I still fear bugbears in Apollo's cell.

I pass not for Minerva nor Astraea,

Only I call on my divine Idea.

XL

MY heart the anvil where my thoughts do
beat,

My words the hammers, fashioning my desire,
My breast the forge, including all the heat,
Love is the fuel which maintains the fire ;
My sighs the bellows which the flame increaseth,
Filling mine ears with noise and nightly groan-
ing,

Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaseth
In grievous passions my woes still bemoaning ;
My eyes with tears against the fire striving,
Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders
turneth ;

But, with these drops the flame again reviving,
Still more and more it to my torment turneth.

With Sisyphus thus do I roll the stone,
And turn the wheel with damnèd Ixion.

XLI

Love's Lunacy

WHY do I speak of joy, or write of love,
When my heart is the very den of horror,
And in my soul the pains of Hell I prove,
With all his torments and infernal terror ?
What should I say ? What yet remains to do ?
My brain is dry with weeping all too long,
My sighs be spent in uttering of my woe,
And I want words wherewith to tell my wrong ;
But, still distracted in Love's lunacy,
And, bedlam-like, thus raging in my grief,
Now rail upon her hair, then on her eye,
Now call her Goddess, then I call her thief,
Now I deny her, then I do confess her,
Now do I curse her, then again I bless her.

XLII

SOME men there be which like my method
well

And much commend the strangeness of my vein ;
Some say I have a passing pleasing strain ;
Some say that in my humour I excel ;
Some, who not kindly relish my conceit,
They say, as poets do, I use to feign,
And in bare words paint out my passion's pain.
Thus sundry men their sundry words repeat ;
I pass not, I, how men affected be,
Nor who commends or discommends my verse ;
It pleaseth me, if I my woes rehearse,
And in my lines if she my love may see.

Only my comfort still consists in this,
Writing her praise I cannot write amiss.

XLIII

WHY should your fair eyes with such
sovereign grace

Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same place,
Get not one glance to recompense my merit?
So doth the ploughman gaze the wandering star,
And only rest contented with the light,
That never learned what constellations are
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
Oh, why should beauty, custom to obey,
To their gross sense apply herself so ill?
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill,
Only compelled on this poor good to boast,
Heavens are not kind to them that know
them most.

XLIV

WHILST thus my pen strives to eternize thee
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my
face,

Where in the map of all my misery
Is modelled out the world of my disgrace.
Whilst, in despite of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like, I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing
rhymes

And murtherest virtue with thy coy disdain.
And though in youth my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
When I entombed, my better part shall save ;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

XLV

MUSES, which sadly sit about my chair,
Drowned in the tears extorted by my
lines,
With heavy sighs whilst thus I break the air,
Painting my passions in these sad designs,
Since she disdains to bless my happy verse,
The strong-built trophies to her living fame,
Ever henceforth my bosom be your hearse,
Wherein the world shall now entomb her name.
Enclose my music, you poor senseless walls,
Since she is deaf and will not hear my moans,
Soften yourselves with every tear that falls,
Whilst I, like Orpheus, sing to trees and stones,
Which with my plaint seem yet with pity
moved,
Kinder than she whom I so long have loved.

XLVI

PLAIN-PATHED Experience, the un-
learned's guide,

Her simple followers evidently shews
Sometimes what Schoolmen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise Reason absolutely knows.
In making trial of a murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body happily be brought,
Oft it hath been proved the breathless corse will
bleed.

She's coming near, that my poor heart hath
slain,

Long since departed, to the world no more,
The ancient wounds no longer can contain,
But fall to bleeding as they did before.

But what of this ? Should she to death be led,
It furthers justice, but helps not the dead.

XLVII

IN pride of wit when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men ;
With those the throng'd theatres that press
I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood a modest mind might move ;
With shouts and claps at every little pause
When the proud round on every side hath rung,
Sadly I sit, unmoved with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong.
No public glory vainly I pursue ;
All that I seek is to eternize you.

XLVIII

CUPID, I hate thee, which I'd have thee
know ;

A naked starveling ever may'st thou be !

Poor rogue, go pawn thy fascia and thy bow

For some few rags wherewith to cover thee.

Or, if thou'lt not, thy archery forbear,

To some base rustic do thyself prefer,

And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,

Practise thy quiver and turn crow-keeper.

Or, being blind, as fittest for the trade,

Go hire thyself some bungling harper's boy ;

They that are blind are often minstrels made ;

So may'st thou live, to thy fair mother's joy,

That whilst with Mars she holdeth her old
way,

Thou, her blind son, may'st sit by them and
play.

XLIX

THOU leaden brain, which censur'st what
I write,

And say'st, my lines be dull and do not move,
I marvel not thou feel'st not my delight,
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love ;
But thou, whose pen hath like a pack-horse
served,

Whose stomach unto gall hath turned thy food,
Whose senses, like poor prisoners, hunger-starved,
Whose grief hath parched thy body, dried thy
blood,

Thou which hast scornèd life and hated death,
And in a moment mad, sober, glad and sorry,
Thou which hast banned thy thoughts and
cursed thy breath

With thousand plagues, more than in Purgatory ;
Thou, thus whose spirit Love in his fire
refines,

Come thou and read, admire, applaud my lines.

L

AS in some countries far remote from hence
The wretched creature destinèd to die,
Having the judgement due to his offence,
By surgeons begged, their art on him to try,
Which on the living work without remorse,
First make incision on each mastering vein,
Then staunch the bleeding, then transpierce the
corse,
And with their balms recure the wounds again,
Then poison, and with physic him restore ;
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more ;
Even so my mistress works upon my ill,
By curing me and killing me each hour,
Only to shew her beauty's sovereign power.

LI

CALLING to mind, since first my love begun,
The uncertain times oft varying in their
course,

How things still unexpectedly have run,
As it please the Fates, by their resistless force.
Lastly mine eyes amazedly have seen
Essex' great fall, Tyrone his peace to gain,
The quiet end of that long-living Queen,
This King's fair entrance, and our peace with
Spain,

We and the Dutch at length ourselves to sever.
Thus the world doth and evermore shall reel ;
Yet to my Goddess am I constant ever,
Howe'er blind Fortune turn her giddy wheel.

Though Heaven and Earth prove both to me
untrue,

Yet am I still inviolate to you.

LII

WHAT? Dost thou mean to cheat me of
my heart?

To take all mine and give me none again?
Or have thine eyes such magic or that art,
That what they get they ever do retain?
Play not the tyrant, but take some remorse;
Rebate thy spleen, if but for pity's sake;
Or, cruel, if thou canst not, let us scourse,
And, for one piece of thine, my whole heart take.
But what of pity do I speak to thee,
Whose breast is proof against complaint or
prayer?

Or can I think what my reward shall be
From that proud beauty, which was my betrayer?
What talk I of a heart, when thou hast none?
—Or if thou hast, it is a flinty one.

LIII

CLEAR Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore
My soul-shrined saint, my fair Idea, lies,
Oh blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
The crystal stream refined by her eyes,
Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the
 Spring
Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
Among the dainty dew-impearled flowers ;
Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy
 Queen,
“Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wandering
 years,
And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft hath
 been,
And here to thee he sacrificed his tears.”
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon.

LIV

YET read at last the story of my woe,
The dreary abstracts of my endless cares,
With my life's sorrow interlinèd so,
Smoked with my sighs and blotted with my
tears,
The sad memorials of my miseries,
Penned in the grief of mine afflicted ghost,
My life's complaint in doleful elegies,
With so pure love as Time could never boast.
Receive the incense which I offer here,
By my strong faith ascending to thy fame,
My zeal, my hope, my vows, my praise, my
prayer,
My soul's oblation to thy sacred name ;
Which name my muse to highest heavens
shall raise
By chaste desire, true love, and virtuous praise.

LV

MY fair, if thou wilt register my love,
A world of volumes shall thereof arise ;
Preserve my tears, and thou thyself shalt prove
A second flood, down-raining from mine eyes.
Note by my sighs, and thine eyes shall behold
The sunbeams smothered with immortal smoke ;
And if by thee my prayers may be enrolled,
They heaven and earth to pity shall provoke.
Look thou into my breast, and thou shalt see
Chaste holy vows for my soul's sacrifice,
That soul, sweet maid, which so hath honoured
thee,
Erecting trophies to thy sacred eyes,
Those eyes to my heart shining ever bright
When darkness hath obscured each other
light.

LVI

WHEN like an eaglet I first found my Love,
For that the virtue I thereof would
know,

Upon the nest I set it forth, to prove
If it were of that kingly kind or no ;
But it no sooner saw my Sun appear,
But on her rays with open eyes it stood,
To shew that I had hatched it for the air
And rightly came from that brave mounting
brood ;

And, when the plumes were summed with sweet
desire,

To prove the pinions it ascends the skies ;
Do what I could it needsly would aspire
To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes.

Thus from my breast, where it was bred alone,
It after thee is, like an eaglet, flown

LVII

YOU best discerned of my mind's inward
eyes,—

And yet your graces outwardly divine,—
Whose dear remembrance in my bosom lies,
Too rich a relic for so poor a shrine ;
You, in whom Nature chose herself to view
When she her own perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her excellence on you,
At whose pure eyes Love lights his hallowed fire ;
Even as a man that in some trance hath seen
More than his wondering utterance can unfold,
That, rapt in spirit, in better worlds hath been,
So must your praise distractedly be told,
Most of all short when I would shew you
most,
In your perfections so much am I lost.

LVIII

IN former times such as had store of coin,
In wars at home, or when for conquests
bound,
For fear that some their treasure should purloin,
Gave it to keep to spirits within the ground,
And to attend it them as strongly tied
Till they returned ; home when they never came,
Such as by art to get the same have tried
From the strong Spirit by no means force the
same ;
Nearer men come, that further flies away,
Striving to hold it strongly in the deep.
Even as this spirit, so you alone do play
With those rich beauties Heaven gives you to
keep ;
Pity, so left to the coldness of your blood,
Not to avail you, nor do others good !

LIX

AS Love and I, late harboured in one inn,
With proverbs thus each other entertain,
“In Love there is no lack,” thus I begin ;
“Fair words make fools,” replieth he again ;
“Who spares to speak doth spare to speed,”
 quoth I ;
“As well,” saith he, “too forward as too slow ;”
“Fortune assists the boldest,” I reply ;
“A hasty man,” quoth he, “ne’er wanted woe ;”
“Labour is light where Love,” quoth I, “doth
 pay ;”
Saith he, “Light burthen’s heavy, if far borne ;”
Quoth I, “The main lost, cast the bye away ;”
“You have spun a fair thread,” he replies in
 scorn.

And having thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

LX

DEFINE my weal, and tell the joys of
Heaven,

Express my woes, and shew the pains of Hell ;
Declare what fate unlucky stars have given,
And ask a world upon my life to dwell ;
Make known the faith that Fortune could not
move,

Compare my worth with other's base desert,
Let virtue be the touch-stone of my love,
So may the heavens read wonders in my heart ;
Behold the clouds which have eclipsed my sun,
And view the crosses which my course do let ;
Tell me if ever since the world begun
So fair a rising had so foul a set,
And see if Time (if he would strive to prove
Can shew a second to so pure a love.

LXI

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and
part,

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes.

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given
him over,

From death to life thou might'st him yet
recover.

LXII

WHEN first I ended, then I first began,
The more I travelled, further from my
rest,

Where most I lost, there most of all I wan,
Pinèd with hunger rising from a feast.
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot,
Ravished with joy amid a hell of woe ;
What most I seem, that surest am I not.
I build my hopes a world above the sky,
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty I am starved with penury,
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth ;
I have, I want, despair and yet desire,
Burned in a sea of ice and drowned amidst
a fire.

LXIII

TRUCE, gentle Love, a parley now I crave,
Methinks 'tis long since first these wars
begun ;

Nor thou nor I the better yet can have ;
Bad is the match where neither party won.
I offer free conditions of fair peace,
My heart for hostage that it shall remain ;
Discharge our forces, here let malice cease,
So for my pledge thou give me pledge again.
Or if no thing but death will serve thy turn,
Still thirsting for subversion of my state,
Do what thou canst, rase, massacre and burn,
Let the world see the utmost of thy hate ;
I send defiance, since, if overthrown,
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is my own.

LXIV

THINE eyes taught me the alphabet of
Love,

To con my cross-row ere I learned to spell
(For I was apt, a scholar like to prove),
Gave me sweet looks when-as I learned well.
Vows were my vowels, when I then begun
At my first lesson in thy sacred name ;
My consonants, the next when I had done,
Words consonant and sounding to thy fame ;
My liquids then were liquid crystal tears,
My cares my mutes, so mute to crave relief ;
My doleful diphthongs were my life's despairs,
Redoubling sighs, the accents of my grief.

My love's school-mistress now hath taught
me so,

That I can read a story of my woe.

LXV

READING sometime, my sorrows to beguile

I find old poets hills and floods admire ;
One he doth wonder monster-breeding Nile,
Another marvels sulphur Etna's fire ;
Now broad-brimmed Indus, then of Pindus'
height,

Pelion and Ossa, frosty Caucase old ;
The Delian Cynthus, then Olympus' weight,
Slow Arar, frantic Gallus, Cydnus cold ;
Some Ganges, Ister, and of Tagus tell,
Some whirlpool Po and sliding Hypasis,
Some old Parnassus where the Muses dwell,
Some Helicon, and some fair Simois.

“Ah, fools,” think I, “had you Idea seen,
Poor brooks and banks had no such wonders
been.”

LXVI

SINCE holy Vestal laws have been neglected,
The God's pure fire hath been extinguished quite ;

No virgin once attending on that light,
Nor yet those heavenly secrets once respected ;
Till thou alone, to pay the heavens their duty
Within the temple of thy sacred name,
With thine eyes kindling that celestial flame
By those reflecting sunbeams of thy beauty.
Here Chastity, that Vestal most divine,
Attends that lamp with eye which never
sleepeth ;

The volumes of religion's laws she keepeth,
Making thy breast that sacred relic's shrine,
Where blessed angels, singing day and night,
Praise Him which made that fire which lends
that light.

LXVII

M^Y fair, look from those turrets of thine
eyes

Into the ocean of a troubled mind,
Where my poor soul, the bark of sorrow, lies,
Left to the mercy of the waves and wind.
See where she floats, laden with purest love,
Which those fair islands of thy looks afford,
Desiring yet a thousand deaths to prove,
Than so to cast her ballast overboard.
See how her sails be rent, her tacklings worn,
Her cable broke, her surest anchor lost ;
Her mariners do leave her all forlorn,
Yet how she bends towards that blessed coast !
Lo, where she drowns in storms of thy dis-
pleasure,
Whose worthy prize should have enriched
thy treasure.

LXVIII

IF chaste and pure devotion of my youth,
Or glory of my April-springing years,
Unfeignèd love in naked simple truth,
A thousand vows, a thousand sighs and tears ;
Or if a world of faithful service done,
Words, thoughts and deeds devoted to her honour,
Or eyes that have beheld her as their sun,
With admiration ever looking on her ;
A life that never joyed but in her love,
A soul that ever hath adored her name,
A faith that time nor fortune could not move,
A Muse that unto heaven hath raised her fame ;
Though these nor these deserve to be embraced,
Yet, fair unkind, too good to be disgraced.

LXIX

DIE, die, my soul, and never taste of joy,
If sighs nor tears nor vows nor prayers
can move,
If faith and zeal be but esteemed a toy,
And kindness be unkindness in my love.
Then with unkindness, Love, revenge thy
wrong,
O sweet'st revenge that e'er the heavens gave !
And with the swan record thy dying song,
And praise her still to thy untimely grave.
So in love's death shall love's perfection prove,
That love divine which I have borne to you,
By doom concealèd to the heavens above,
That yet the world unworthy never knew,
Whose pure idea never tongue exprest :
I feel, you know, the heavens can tell, the rest.

LXX

BLACK pitchy night, companion of my woe,
The inn of care, the nurse of dreary
sorrow,

Why lengthenest thou thy darkest hours so,
Still to prolong my long-time-looked-for morrow ?
Thou sable shadow, image of despair,
Portrait of hell, the air's black mourning weed,
Recorder of revenge, remembrancer of care,
The shadow and the veil of every sinful deed ;
Death like to thee, so live thou still in death,
The grave of joy, prison of day's delight ;
Let heavens withdraw their sweet ambrosian
breath,

Nor moon nor stars lend thee their shining light ;
For thou alone renew'st that old desire,
Which still torments me in day's burning fire.

LXXI

WHO list to praise the day's delicious light,
Let him compare it to her heavenly eye,
The sunbeams to the lustre of her sight ;
So may the learned like the simile,
The morning's crimson to her lips' alike,
The sweet of Eden to her breath's perfume,
The fair Elysium to her fairer cheek,
Unto her veins the only Phoenix' plume,
The angels' tresses to her tressèd hair,
The Galaxeia to her more than white ;
Praising the fairest compare it to my fair,
Still naming her in naming all delight.
So may he grace all these in her alone,
Superlative in all comparison.

LXXII

GO you, my lines, ambassadors of love,
With my heart's tribute to her conquering eyes,

From whence if you one tear of pity move

For all my woes, that only shall suffice.

When you Minerva in the sun behold,

At her perfections stand you then and gaze,

Where in the compass of a marigold

Meridianis sits within a maze.

And let invention of her beauty vaunt,

When Dorus sings his sweet Pamela's love,

And tell the Gods Mars is predominant,

Seated with Sol, and wears Minerva's glove ;

And tell the world, that in the world there is

A heaven-on-earth, on earth no heaven but
this.

LXXIII

MANY there be excelling in this kind,
Whose well-tricked rhymes with all
invention swell ;

Let each commend as best shall like his mind,
Some Sidney, Constable, some Daniel.

That thus their names familiarly I sing,
Let none think them disparagèd to be ;

Poor men with reverence may speak of a king,
And so may these be spoken of by me.

My wanton verse ne'er keeps one certain stay,
But now at hand, then seeks invention far,
And with each little motion runs astray,
Wild, madding, jocund and irregular.

Like me that lust, my honest merry rhymes
Nor care for critic, nor regard the times.

A CANSONET

EYES, with your tears blind if you be,
Why have these tears such eyes to see?
Poor eyes, if your tears cannot move,
My tears, eyes, then must moan my love.
Then, eyes, since you have lost your sight,
Weep still, and tears shall lend you light,
Till both dissolved and both want might.

No, no, clear eyes, you are not blind,
But in my tears discern my mind;
Tears be the language which you speak,
Which my heart wanting yet, must break.
My tongue must cease to tell my wrongs,
And make my sighs to get them tongues;
Yet more than this to her belongs.

APPENDIX TO DELIA

The following sonnets also appeared in 1591 :—

III. "The only bird alone that Nature frames."

X. "The sly enchanter, when to work his will."

XII. "The tablet of my heavy fortunes here."

XVI. "Weigh but the cause and give me leave to plain
me,"

and XXIII., which is fine enough to quote :

"My cares draw on my everlasting night,
In horror's sable clouds sets my life's sun,
My life's sweet sun, my dearest comfort's light,
Shall rise no more to me, whose day is done.
I go before unto the myrtle shades,
To attend the presence of my world's dear,
And there prepare her flowers that never fades,
And all things fit against her coming there.
If any ask me why so soon I came,
I'll hide her sin, and say it was my lot ;

In life and death I'll tender her good name,
My life nor death shall never be her blot.
Although this world may seem her deed to blame,
The Elysian ghosts shall never know the same."

This sonnet, in the revised form given above, and another rather poor one, beginning—

"Like as the spotless ermelin distressed,"

appear in the second edition of 1592 (No. iii.) only. The four which only appear in 1591 may not be by Daniel.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF THE EARLY EDITIONS

DELIA

I. 1591.—Syr P. S. His Astrophel and Stella. Wherein the excellence of sweet Poesy is concluded. To the end of which are added, sundry other rare Sonnets of diuers Noblemen and Gentlemen.

At London. Printed for Thomas Newman. Anno Domini 1591. 4to.

A piracy. Among the "other rare sonnets" are twenty-two by Daniel, and also four attributed to him which he never reprinted, and which therefore may not be his. Reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*.

IA. [1591].—Syr P. S. His Astrophel and Stella. Wherein the excellence of sweete Poesie is concluded. To the end of which are added, sundry other rare Sonnets of diuers Noblemen and Gentlemen.

At London. Printed for Matthew Lownes [1591] 4to.

A reprint of I. Newman had already reprinted the

Astrophel and Stella, without the additional poems. *Cf.* the reprint by Dr. Flügel, pp. lxxiv.-lxxvi. There is a copy in the Bodleian.

II. 1592.—*Delia*. Contayning certayne Sonnets. *Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.*

At London. Printed by I. C. for Simon Waterson, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Crowne. 1592. 4to.

Dedication to the Countess of Pembroke signed by Daniel. Fifty sonnets and the Ode.

III. 1592.—*Delia*. Containing certaine sonnets : with the Complaynt of Rosamond. *Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.*

1592. At London. Printed by I. C. for S. Watersonne. 4to.

The errata of the preceding edition are here corrected, and four fresh sonnets (see the Appendix at the end of *Delia*) are inserted. There is a copy in the Bodleian.¹

IV. 1594.—*Delia* and *Rosamond* augmented. *Cleopatra*. By Samuel Daniel. *Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.*

1594. Printed at London (by Iames Roberts and Edward Alde) for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yarde at the signe of the Crowne. 12mo.

Rosamond and *Cleopatra* have separate title-pages. *Delia*

¹ See *Athenæum*, July 25, 1903, for an article by W. F. Prideaux on the 1592 editions of *Delia*.

contains fifty-five sonnets, revised, and the Ode. Reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*.

V. 1601.—The Works of Samuel Daniel. Newly augmented. *Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.*
London Printed for Simon Waterson. 1601. Small folio.

Delia concludes the volume, and contains fifty-seven sonnets with the Ode and Pastoral.

VI. 1602.—The Works of Samuel Daniel. Newly augmented. *Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.*
London Printed for Simon Waterson. 1602. Small folio.

A reprint of the preceding.

VII. 1611.—Certaine small Workes heretofore diuulged by Samuel Daniell, one of the Groomes of the Queenes Maiesties most Honourable priuie Chamber, and now againe by him corrected and augmented. *Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.*

At London Printed by I. L. for Simon Waterson. 1611. 12mo.

A reprint of the collection of 1607, with the addition of Delia at the end. In the 1607 volume the Ode and Pastoral are printed at the end of the Complaint of Rosamond.

VIII. 1623.—The whole Workes of Samuel Daniel Esquire in Poetrie.

London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Crowne. 1623. 4to.

In two volumes. Delia occupies pp. 149-180 of Vol. II., and is a reprint of the preceding. The basis of the present and most other modern editions.

IDEA

I. 1594.—Ideas Mirrour. Amours in Quatorzains. *Che serue e tace assai domanda.*

At London. Printed by Iames Roberts, for Nicholas Ling. Anno. 1594. 4to.

51 "Amours," with a dedicatory sonnet by Drayton to Anthony Cooke ("Vouchsafe to grace these rude unpolished rhymes") and another by "Gorbo il fidele." Some are in alexandrines, while others are not quatorzains, having eighteen lines. Reprinted by J. P. Collier for the Roxburghe Club in 1856, and by Cyril Brett in *The Minor Poems of Drayton* in 1907. There is no copy in any public library.

II. 1599.—Englands Heroicall Epistles. Newly Enlarged. With Idea. By Michael Drayton.

At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shop, at the West doore of Poules. 1599. 8vo.

Idea contains fifty-nine sonnets, with a prose dedication to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, and including a dedicatory

sonnet to her sister, Lady Anne Harington, as well as the sonnet to Anthony Cooke from the first edition. Some sonnets of 1594 are excluded, others appear for the first time, and the remainder are revised.

III. 1600.—England's Heroical Epistles, with Idea. This edition was recorded by W. F. Hazlitt, but Professor Elton in his bibliography of Drayton states that he had not seen it. A copy, perhaps unique, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby at the beginning of June 1908. I was ill at the time, but my friend Mr. Victor Scholderer, of the British Museum, kindly examined the book for me. I am therefore able to state that it is not a reprint of the 1599 edition, as Professor Elton suggested; for Sonnets xiv., xxii., xxiv., xxviii. and lix., and also those to King James and the Lady L. S., appear in it for the first time.

IV. 1602.—Englands Heroical Epistles. Newly corrected. With Idea. By Michael Drayton.

At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his Shop in Fleetstreete, neere Saint Dunstones Church. 1602. 8vo.

Sixty-seven sonnets, with further omissions, insertions and revisions. Reprinted in 1603, in *The Baron's Wars*.

V. 1605.—Poems: By Michaell Draiton, Esquire.

London, Printed for N. Ling. 1605. 8vo.

CONTENTS: *The Baron's Wars*, *England's Heroical Epistles*, *Idea*, *The Legend of Robert, Duke of Normandy*, *The Legend of Matilda*, *The Legend of Pierce Gaveston*.

Idea contains sixty-seven sonnets, with omissions, insertions, rearrangements, &c. This collected volume was reprinted in 1608, 1610, and 1613, and by the Spenser Society in 1888.

VI. 1619.—Poems: By Michael Drayton, Esquire. Viz. The Barons Warres, Englands Heroicall Epistles, Idea, Odes, The Legends of Robert, Duke of Normandie, Matilda, Pierce Gaveston, And, Great Cromwell, The Owle, Pastorals, Contayning Eglogues, With the Man in the Moone.

London, Printed by William Stansby for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleetstreete. 1620. Small folio.

Each part has a separate title-page, dated 1619. There is an engraved title-page, also a frontispiece-portrait. The title of Idea runs: Idea, in sixtie-three sonnets. By Michael Drayton, Esquire. *London, Printed for Iohn Smethwicke. 1619.* It contains in all sixty-four sonnets, with further omissions, insertions and alterations. Reprinted in 1630 and 1637; it was the last new edition published in Drayton's lifetime, and is the basis of the present, as of nearly every other modern, edition. In the present volume the sonnets of 1619 end on p. 130, and are followed by two of 1605 and seven of 1594, then by the introductory sonnet of 1605, which makes a fitting epilogue; and at the end of all the Canzonet (1599 and 1602) is appended.

NOTES

The frontispiece to this volume reproduces the portrait of Daniel from the 1623 edition of his Poems; and the portrait of Drayton from the edition of his Works published in 1620.

DELIA

I

First printed (No. i.) in 1592.¹

II

First printed (Introductory sonnet) in 1591.

III

First printed (No. i.) in 1591, revised (No. iii.) in 1592, 1594, and 1601.

IV

First printed in 1592, revised in 1594.

¹ 1592 here and throughout means the first edition of that year Bibliography, No. II.¹

V

First printed in 1592.

9. "A hart's despair." A favourite word-play. Cf. Wyatt (Sonnet 1) of Love—

"Wherewithall unto the heart's forest he fleeth,"

and Shakespeare (*Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2)—

"O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee!"

The simile of Actæon used here is closely paralleled in *Adonais*, where Shelley, speaking of himself, says—

"he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey,"
and also in *Twelfth Night* (i. 1)—

"And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
Do since pursue me."

VI

First printed in 1592.

VII

First printed in 1592, reprinted in 1594, revised in 1601.
Continues the last.

1. "For," 1601; "O," 1592, 1594.

VIII

First printed in 1592, revised in 1594.

IX

First printed in 1592, revised in 1594.

2. The comma after "shore" only occurs in 1592. Without it the sentence appears to have no meaning.

X

First printed in 1592, revised in 1594. Continues the last.

1. "Then do I," 1594; "O then I," 1592.

XI

First printed (No. iv.) in 1591, revised in 1592.

XII

First printed in 1592, revised in 1594.

XIII

First printed in 1592, revised in 1594 and 1601.

XIV

First printed in 1591, revised in 1592 and 1594.

In *l.* 1, "amber locks," 1591, 1592, becomes "snary locks" in 1594; in *l.* 14, "Lady" in 1591 becomes "Delia" in 1592. See notes to xxxix., xl., xlv., and Introduction, p. xxiv.

XV

First printed (No. xiv.) in 1591, revised (the third quatrain re-written) in 1592 and again in 1594. *ll.* 9-12 in 1591 read—

“ If I have wept the day and sighed the night,
 Whilst thrice the sun approached this Northern bound,
 If such a faith hath ever wrought aright
 And well deserved, and yet no favour found.”

For the “three years’ faith,” compare xxix. in the earlier version (note).

The sonnet is adapted, like Wyatt’s “If amours faith,” from Petrarch’s *S’amorosa fede*.

XVI

First printed (No. xix.) in 1591, revised in 1592, and re-written (feminine rhymes being eliminated from the sestet) in 1594.

XVII

First printed in 1594.

9. “If,” 1594; “I” (*misprint*), 1623.

XVIII

First printed (No. xv.) in 1591, revised (No. xvii.) in 1592.

XIX

First printed (No. xi.) in 1591 revised (No. xvii.) in 1592.

XX

First printed in 1601. The arrangement of rhymes is the Spenserian.

XXI

First printed (No. xix.) in 1591, revised (No. xix.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xx.) in 1594, and again revised in 1601.

XXII

First printed (No. xxi.) in 1591, revised (No. xx.) in 1592, and re-written (No. xxi.) in 1594, feminine rhymes being excised.

XXIII

First printed in 1601. Written apparently to pair with, and placed after, xxii.

XXIV

First printed (No. xxi.) in 1592, revised in 1601.

XXV

First printed (No. xxii.) in 1592. Continues xxiv.

XXVI

First printed (No. xviii.) in 1591, revised (No. xxiii.) in 1592, and (No. xxiv.) in 1594.

XXVII

First printed (No. viii.) in 1591, revised (No. xxiv.) in 1592. Omitted from later editions. It pairs with the following, and is therefore inserted here. One other sonnet, rejected after 1592, will be found in an appendix at the beginning of these notes.

XXVIII

First printed (No. ix.) in 1591, revised (No. xxv.) in 1592.

XXIX

First printed (No. xvii.) in 1591, reprinted (No. xxvi.) in 1592 and 1594, re-written (No. xxviii.) in 1601. The phrase "five years' witness" in L. 6 is "three years' witness" in 1591, 1592 and 1594.

XXX

First printed (No. xxvii.) in 1592 (ed. III.), reprinted in 1594, re-written (No. xxix.) in 1601.

XXXI

First printed (No. xxviii.) in 1592 (ed. III.), revised in 1594.

10. "rules"; "rule," 1594-1623.

13. "with milder," 1594; "with a milder," 1623.

XXXII

First printed (No. xxiv.) in 1591, revised (No. xxvii.) in 1592, and (No. xxix., with some feminine rhymes eliminated) in 1594, and (No. xxxi., with the remaining feminine rhymes eliminated) in 1601.

XXXIII

First printed (No. xxx.) in 1594. Continues the last. The form is Spenserian.

XXXIV

First printed (No. xxvii.) in 1591, revised (No. xxviii.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xxxi.) in 1594, revised again in 1601.

XXXV

First printed (No. v.) in 1591, revised (No. xxix.) in 1592, again (No. xxxii.) in 1594, and (No. xxxiii.) in 1601.

In *L. 1* "Delia" was substituted in 1592 for "my Mistress."

XXXVI

First printed (No. xxvi.) in 1591, revised (No. xxx.) in 1592. Pure Petrarchan form, without a final couplet.

In *L. 2* the epithet "golden" escaped the correction to "sable," which was made in xxxix.

XXXVII

First printed (No. xxxi.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xxxiv.) in 1594, much revised (No. xxxvi.) in 1601. This sonnet and the next three form a series.

XXXVIII

First printed (No. xxxii.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xxxv.) in 1594, revised in *L.* 13 (No. xxxvii.), in 1601.

XXXIX

First printed (No. xxxiii.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xxxvi.) in 1594, revised (No. xxxviii., "sable" in *L.* 14 substituted for "golden,") in 1601.

XL

First printed (No. xxxiv.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xxxvii.) in 1594, revised (No. xxxix., "sable" for "golden," as in the preceding sonnet) in 1601.

XLI

First printed (No. xxxv.) in 1592, revised (No. xxxviii.) in 1594.

This sentiment might be paralleled again and again in Elizabethan and Pléiade sonnets.

XLII

First printed (No. xxxvi.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xxxix.) in 1594, revised (No. xli.) in 1601, "Be not displeased" being substituted in *L.* 1 for "O be not grieved."

XLIII

First printed (No. xxxvii.) in 1592, revised (No. xl.) in 1594, and again (No. xlii.) in 1601.

XLIV

First printed (No. xxxviii.) in 1592, revised (No. xli.) in 1594, and again (No. xliii.) in 1601, "Most fair" being substituted in *l.* 1 for "Fair" ("Fayer," a dissyllable).

XLV

First printed (No. xxxix.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xlii.) in 1594 and (No. xliv., with "painted" for "printed" in *l.* 3) in 1601.

12. "serves"; "serve," 1592-1623.

XLVI

First printed (No. xlii.) in 1591, revised (No. xl.) in 1592, again (No. xliii.) in 1594, and (No. xlv.) in 1601.

1. "Delia" was substituted for "Cynthia" in 1594.

3. "nor ever dries," 1592; "nor ever dies," 1591; "but ever rise," 1594; "but ever dries," 1601, 1602, 1611, 1623.

11. "I'd"; "I," 1591-1623.

Feminine rhymes were reduced in 1592, 1594 and 1601.

XLVII

First printed (No. xli.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xliv., with "troubled" inserted in *l.* 5) in 1594, revised (No. xlv.) in 1601.

XLVIII

First printed (No. xlii.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xlv.) in 1594 and (No. xlvii.) in 1601. The false rhyme in *ll.* 10 and 12 is noticeable as rare in Daniel.

XLIX

First printed (No. xliii.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xlvi.) in 1594, revised (No. xlviii.) in 1601.

L

First printed (No. xlvii.) in 1594, with the heading "*At the Author's going into Italie*," reprinted (No. xlix.) in 1601, with "And" substituted for "O" in l. 1. Perhaps a reminiscence of a line in the anonymous play of *King Leir*: "Now whither, poor forsaken, shall I go?" The only known edition of *King Leir* was printed in 1605, but a copy was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1594, and the play may have been acted some years earlier. The reminiscence may of course have been the other way about.

LI

First printed (No. xlv.) in 1592, revised (No. xlviii., with the heading "*This Sonnet was made at the Author's beeing in Italie*") in 1594.

LII

First printed (No. xlv.) in 1592, reprinted (No. xlix.) in 1594, revised (in l. 9 only, No. li.) in 1601. Daniel's most famous sonnet.

LIII

First printed (No. xlvi.) in 1592, reprinted (No. l.) in 1594, revised (feminine rhymes being eliminated from the couplet, No. lii.) in 1601.

LIV

First printed (No. li.) in 1594.

LV

First printed (No. xlvii.) in 1592, reprinted (No. lii.) in 1594, revised (No. liv.) in 1601.

LVI

First printed (No. xlviii.) in 1592, revised (in *L. II*, "poor in fame and poor in waters" being substituted for "rich in fame though poor in waters"—No. liii.) in 1594, and again (No. lv.) in 1601.

LVII

First printed (No. xlix.) in 1592, reprinted (No. liv.) in 1594, revised (No. lvi.) in 1601.

LVIII

First printed (No. xxv.) in 1591, revised (No. l., with a new couplet, introducing the name Delia) in 1592, reprinted (No. lv.) in 1594, revised again (No. lvii., with feminine rhymes eliminated) in 1601.

ODE

First printed in 1592. With the Pastoral, this poem appeared, at the end of the *Complaint of Rosamond*, in the Collected Edition of 1607, which does not contain the *Sonnets to Delia*.

24. "And well he ends for love who dies."

From the last line of Petrarch's Sonnet in *Vita*, "*Amor che nel pensiero*," which was translated by Wyatt and Surrey; Wyatt's version is generally considered to be the first sonnet written in English.

PASTORAL

From Tasso's *Aminta*, "*O bella età dell' oro*." Compare Leigh Hunt's version. The last three lines are, I believe, the first translation in English of the famous lines of Catullus.

IDEA

TO THE READER

First printed (No. ii.) in 1599, reprinted (No. ii.) in 1602, again (prefatory) in 1605, and (prefatory) revised in 1619.

I

First printed in 1619.

II

First printed (No. v.) in 1599, reprinted (No. v.) in 1602, (No. ii.) in 1605, and again (No. ii.) in 1619.

6. "Doth," "do," 1599-1619.

12. "he," 1619; "they," 1599, 1602, 1605.

III

First printed ("Oft taking pen . . .," No. x.) in 1594, re-written (alexandrines converted into decasyllables, No. vi.) in 1599, reprinted (No. vi.) in 1602, again (No. iii.) in 1605, and (No. iii. finally and slightly revised) in 1619. *Cf.* No. liv.

IV

First printed (No. lxvi.) in 1602, headed "To The Lady L. S.," reprinted (No. lxiii., so-called) in 1605, and again slightly revised (No. iv.) in 1619.

V

First printed (No. viii.) in 1599, reprinted (No. viii.) in 1602, again (No. v.) in 1605 and 1619.

VI

First printed (No. vi.) in 1619.

VII

First printed (No. x.) in 1599, reprinted (No. x.) in 1602, again (No. vii.) in 1605, and (with the words "his" and "my" at last correctly transposed in *l.* 12) in 1619.

VIII

First printed (No. viii.) in 1619.
13. "thou," omitted in 1619.

IX

First printed (No. xii.) in 1602, reprinted (No. ix.) in 1605, and (slightly revised) in 1619.

II. "'Tis nine years now since first I lost my wit." See Introduction, pp. xxviii., xxix.

X

First printed (No. xii.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xiii., slightly revised) in 1602, again (No. x.) in 1605, and (No. x.) in 1619.

The grammatical construction of the third quatrain will not bear examination.

XI

First printed (No. xiii.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xiv.) in 1602, and (No. xi.) in 1605 and 1619.

XII

First printed (No. xiv.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xv.) in 1602, and (No. xii.) in 1605 and 1619. This sonnet and the next two are in the rare Petrarchan form introduced by Wyatt.

XIII

First printed (No. xxi.) in 1594, reprinted (No. xv.) in 1599, (No. xvi.) in 1602, and (No. xiii.) in 1605 and 1619.

XIV

First printed (No. xvii.) in 1600 and 1602, reprinted (No. xiv.) in 1605 and 1619

XV

First printed (No. xv.) in 1619.

XVI

First printed (No. vi., beginning "In one whole world is but one Phoenix found") in 1594, revised (No. xviii., beginning "Within the compass of this spacious round") in 1599, reprinted (No. xix.) in 1602 and (No. xvi.) in 1605, and finally revised (No. xvi.) in 1619.

XVII

First printed (No. vii., beginning "Stay, stay, sweet Time") in 1594, revised (No. xix., with the last line reduced from fourteen syllables to ten) in 1599, again (No. xix.) in 1602, reprinted (No. xvii.) in 1605, and finally revised (No. xvii., beginning "Stay, speedy Time") in 1619.

XVIII

First printed (No. viii., beginning "Unto the world") in 1594, reprinted (No. xx.) in 1599, (No. xxi.) in 1602, (No. xviii.) in 1605, and (No. xviii., beginning "To this our world") in 1619.

XIX

First printed (No. xxi.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xxii.) in 1602, and (No. xix.) in 1605 and 1619.

XX

First printed (No. xxii.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xxiii.) in 1602, and (No. xx.) in 1605, and (slightly revised) in 1619. See Introduction, p. xxxix.

XXI

First printed (No. xxi.) in 1619.

XXII

First printed (No. xxv.) in 1600 and 1602, reprinted (No. xxii.) in 1605 and 1619.

Notice the roughness of the grammatical construction.

XXIII

First printed (No. xxiv.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xxvi.) in 1602, and (No. xxiii.) in 1605 and 1619.

This favourite story is from a late Greek poem once attributed to Anacreon.

XXIV

First printed (No. xxvii.) in 1600 and 1602, reprinted (No. xxiv.) in 1605 and 1619.

All three editions read "What" in *l.* 2, and "censures" in *l.* 9.

XXV

First printed (No. xxv.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xxviii.) in 1602, and (No. xxv.) in 1605, and (slightly revised) in 1619.

A "Galliglass" or "Gallowglass" was an Irish kern, at that time a prominent figure, owing to the continual Irish wars.

XXVI

First printed (No. xxxvii.) in 1594, reprinted (No. xxvi.) in 1599, (No. xxix.) in 1602, and (No. xxvi.) in 1605 and 1619.

ℓ. 4 was written as an alexandrine, and remained uncorrected. ℓ. 10 is metrically rough for Drayton.

XXVII

First printed (No. xxvii.) in 1619.

XXVIII

First printed (No. xxxi.) in 1600 and 1602, reprinted (No. xxviii.) in 1605, and (slightly revised) in 1619.

XXIX

First printed (No. xxix.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xxxiii.) in 1602, and (No. xxix.) in 1605 and 1619.

XXX

First printed (No. xxx.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xxxiv.) in 1602, again (No. xxx.) in 1605 and (with a correction in ℓ. 12) in 1619.

XXXI

First printed (No. xxxi.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xxxv.) in 1602, and (No. xxxi.) in 1605 and 1619.

8. "dudgen" = trashy, worthless.

XXXII

First printed (No. xxiv.) in 1594, reprinted (No. xxxii.) in 1599, again (No. xxxvi.) in 1602, and (No. xxxii.) in 1605 and (revised) in 1619.

4. "Avon's fame." The reference must be not to Shakespeare, but to Daniel. See his sonnet (*Delia*, lvi.).

George Daniel of Beswick in his *Vindication of Poesie* says—

"The sweetest swan of Avon to the fair
And cruel *Delia* passionately sings,"

but as he was only born in 1616, he must be assumed to have borrowed the phrase from Ben Jonson's eulogy of Shakespeare.

11. "Wylle," like the Avon, a Wiltshire stream.

12. The Danes sailed up the Lea in 896, but were driven westward, Alfred having drawn off the water from the river and so left their boats aground.

XXXIII

First printed (No. xxxiii.) in 1594, beginning "Whilst thus mine eyes," and with the sestet in alexandrines, partly re-written (No. xxxiii.) in 1599, slightly revised (No. xxxvii.) in 1602, reprinted (No. xxxiii.) in 1605 and 1619.

14. "think, or," 1594-1605; "think of" (an apparent misprint), 1619.

XXXIV

First printed (No. xxxiv.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xxxviii.) in 1602, and (No. xxxiv.) in 1605 and (with a correction in *l.* 3) in 1619.

The first and last lines of each of the three quatrains are the same, a form of refrain used nowhere else.

XXXV

First printed (No. xii.) in 1594, beginning "Some atheist or vile infidel in love," revised (No. xxxv.) in 1599, beginning "Some misbelieving and profane in love," reprinted (No. xxxix.) in 1602, and (No. xxxv.) in 1605 and 1619.

XXXVI

First printed (No. xxxvi.) in 1619.

9. "Psyche," misprinted "Psyches," 1619.

XXXVII

First printed (No. xli.) in 1602, reprinted (No. xxxvii.) in 1605 and (with the improvement of "unto" to "else to" in *l.* 9) in 1619.

XXXVIII

First printed (No. xxxi.) in 1594, revised (No. xxxvii.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xlii.) in 1602, and (No. xxxviii.) in 1605 and (again revised) in 1619.

XXXIX

First printed (No. xviii.) in 1594, revised (No. xxxviii.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xliii.) in 1602 and (No. xxxix.) in 1605, and revised ("upon" corrected to "on my" in l. 14) in 1619.

XL

First printed (No. xlv.) in 1594, reprinted (No. xxxix., "with" corrected to "whose" in l. 10) in 1599, (No. xlv.) in 1602, (No. xl.) in 1605, and (with "unto" altered to "it to" in l. 12) in 1619.

XLI

First printed (No. xliii.) in 1594, revised (No. xl.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xlv.) in 1602, (No. xli.) in 1605, and ("then" in l. 11 altered from "now") in 1619.

XLII

First printed (No. xxviii.) in 1594, beginning "Some wits there be," revised (No. xlii., beginning "Some men there be") in 1599, reprinted (No. xlvii.) in 1602, and (No. xlii.) in 1605 and 1619.

XLIII

First printed (No. xliii.) in 1605, reprinted ("rests" altered to "rest" in l. 6) in 1619.

XLIV

First printed (No. xliii.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xlviii.) in 1602, and (No. xlv.) in 1605 and 1619.

12. "When," 1602 and 1605; "Where," 1599 and 1619.

XLV

First printed (No. xlv.) in 1599, reprinted (No. xlix.) in 1602, (No. xlv., "plaints" altered to "plaint" in L 13) in 1605 and 1619.

XLVI

First printed (No. xlvi.) in 1605, slightly revised in 1619.

XLVII

First printed (No. xlvii.) in 1605, slightly revised in 1619.

XLVIII

First printed (No. xlviii.) in 1619.

XLIX

First printed (No. xlv.) in 1599, reprinted (No. li.) in 1602, (No. xlix.) in 1605 and 1619.

11. "breath," 1599; "birth," 1602, 1605, 1619.

L

First printed (No. l.) in 1605, and reprinted in 1619.

LI

First printed (No. li.) in 1605, and reprinted in 1619.

6-8. Late in 1599 Essex fell into the Queen's disfavour by concluding a truce with Tyrone; his conspiracy followed his recall, and he was executed early in 1601. The Queen

died on March 24, 1603; James entered London on May 7; the Spanish peace and consequent estrangement from the Dutch followed in 1604.

LII

First printed (No. lii.) in 1619.

7. "scourse" = discourse, come to terms.

LIII

First printed (No. xiii.) in 1594, reprinted (No. xlviii., "that" altered from "the" in l. 4) in 1599, and (No. liii.) in 1602, 1605, and 1619.

LIV

First printed (No. x., the octave in alexandrines, beginning "Oft taking pen in hand, with words to cast my woes") in 1594, re-written (No. xlix., the alexandrines reduced to decasyllables, beginning "Yet read at last the story of my woe") in 1599, reprinted (No. liv.) in 1602, 1605 and 1619. Cf. No. iii.

14. "virtuous," 1619; "virtue's," 1599, 1602, 1605.

LV

First printed (No. ii.) in 1594, reprinted (No. l.) in 1599, (No. lv.) in 1602, 1605 and (slightly revised) in 1619.

LVI

First printed (No. iii.) in 1594, beginning "My thoughts, bred up with eagle-birds of love," reprinted (No. li.) in

1599, and (No. lvi.) in 1602 and 1605, and revised, beginning "When like an eaglet I first found my Love," in 1619.

9. "summed," a term in falconry, = fully feathered.

LVII

First printed (No. lvii.) in 1605, beginning "You best discerned of my interior eyes," revised ("my interior eyes" altered to "my mind's inward eyes") in 1619.

LVIII

First printed (No. lviii.) in 1605, revised in 1619.

LIX

First printed (No. lvii.) in 1600, reprinted (No. lviii.) in 1602, and (No. lix.) in 1605 and 1619.

LX

First printed (No. xlix.) in 1594, beginning "Define my love," reprinted (No. liii., the last line re-written) in 1599, (No. lix., with "morning" in L. 12 altered to "rising") in 1602, reprinted (No. lx.) in 1605, and (revised, beginning "Define my weal") in 1619.

LXI

First printed (No. lxi.) in 1619.

LXII

First printed (No. l., beginning "When I first ended") in 1594, reprinted (No. liv., beginning "When first I

ended," and with "a mole" corrected to "the mole" in *l.* 10) in 1599, (No. lx.) in 1602, (No. lxi.) in 1605, and (No. lxii., with "travel" altered to "travelled" in *l.* 2) in 1619.

LXIII

First printed (No. lv.) in 1599, reprinted (No. lxi.) in 1602, (No. lxii.) in 1605, and (No. lxiii.) in 1619.

Here ends *Delia* in Drayton's final edition of 1619. The sonnets which follow are a selection of those in the earlier editions which the author himself rejected.

LXIV

First printed (No. xi.) in 1594, reprinted (No. iv.) in 1599, 1602 and (No. i.) 1605.

LXV

First printed (No. xx.) in 1594, reprinted (No. xxxvi.) in 1599, (No. xl., with "whir-pool" corrected to "whirl-pool" in *l.* 10) in 1602, and (No. xxxvi.) in 1605.

LXVI

Printed (No. v.) in 1594.

LXVII

Printed (No. xxxiv.) in 1594.

LXVIII

Printed (No. xxxviii.) in 1594.

LXIX

Printed (No. xxxix.) in 1594.

LXX

Printed (No. xlv.) in 1594.

LXXI

Printed (No. xlviii.) in 1594.

7. "Elysium"; "Elizia." 1594.

LXXII

Printed (No. li.) in 1594.

LXXIII

First printed (No. iii.) in 1599, reprinted in 1602, and (the second prefatory sonnet "to the reader") in 1605.

CANSONET

First printed (with the title "Sonet 56") in 1599, reprinted ("Sonnet 62") in 1602.

The following table will show the rejected sonnets which are omitted from this edition ; they may be found in Mr. Cyril Brett's *Minor Poems of Drayton*.

	1594	1599	1602	1605
My fair, had I not first adorned my Lute . . .	iv	lii	lvii	
Beauty sometime, in all her glory crowned . . .	ix	vii	vii	iv
Looking into the glass of my youth's miseries . .	xiv	xvii ¹	xviii ¹	xv ¹
Now Love, if thou wilt prove a conqueror . . .	xv			
Virtue's Idea in virginity .	xvi			
If ever wonder could report a wonder	xvii			
If those ten regions registered by Fame	xix			
My heart, imprisoned in a hopeless Isle	xxii	xlvi	lii	lii
Wonder of Heaven, glass of Divinity	xxiii			
The glorious sun went blushing to his bed	xxv			
Cupid, dumb idol, peevish saint of love	xxvi	xl	l	lviii
My love makes hot the fire whose heat is spent . .	xxvii	xli	xlvi	
Oh eyes, behold your happy Hesperus	xxix			
Three sorts of serpents do resemble thee	xxx			
Those tears, which quench my hope, still kindle my desire	xxxii	xxviii ²	xxxii ²	
See, chaste Diana, where my harmless heart . .	xxxv			

¹ Viewing the glass, etc.

² Those tears quench hope, do kindle my desire.

	1594	1599	1602	1605
Sweet sleep, so armed with Beauty's arrows darting .	xxxvi	xvi		
Oh thou unkindest fair, most fairest she	xl			
Rare offspring of my thoughts, my dearest love	xli			
Placed in the forlorn hope of all despair	xlvi			
Sweet secrecy, what tongue can tell thy worth? . . .	xlvi			
The golden sun upon his fiery wheels	xlvi			
Into these loves who but for passion looks		ii	ii	pref.
Love once would dance within my Mistress' eye .		ix	ix	vi
Phœbe, look down, and here behold in me		xi	xi	viii
Thou which dost guide this little world of love. . . .		xxiii	xxiv	xxxii
I gave my faith to Love, Love his to me.		xxvii	xxx	xxvii
<i>Dedications</i>				
Vouchsafe to grace these rude unpolished rhymes ¹	ded.	lix	lxvii	lxiv
Great Lady, essence of my chiefest good ²		lvii	lxiv	lxi ⁽²⁾
Madam, my words cannot express my mind ³		lviii	lxv	lxii
Not thy grave counsels nor thy subject's love ⁴			lxiii	lxi ⁽¹⁾
Bright star of Beauty, on whose eyelids sit ⁵			lxvi	lxiii

¹ To Master [afterwards Sir] Anthony Cooke, 1594.

² To Lucy, Countess of Bedford. Quoted in the Introduction, p. xxxvii.

³ To the Lady Anne Harington.

⁴ To King James VI. of Scotland. [No. lxii. in 1600.]

⁵ To the Lady L. S. [No. lxv. in 1600.]

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